FREEDOM OF THE AIR by Ernst and Lindey

The Saturday Review of Literature

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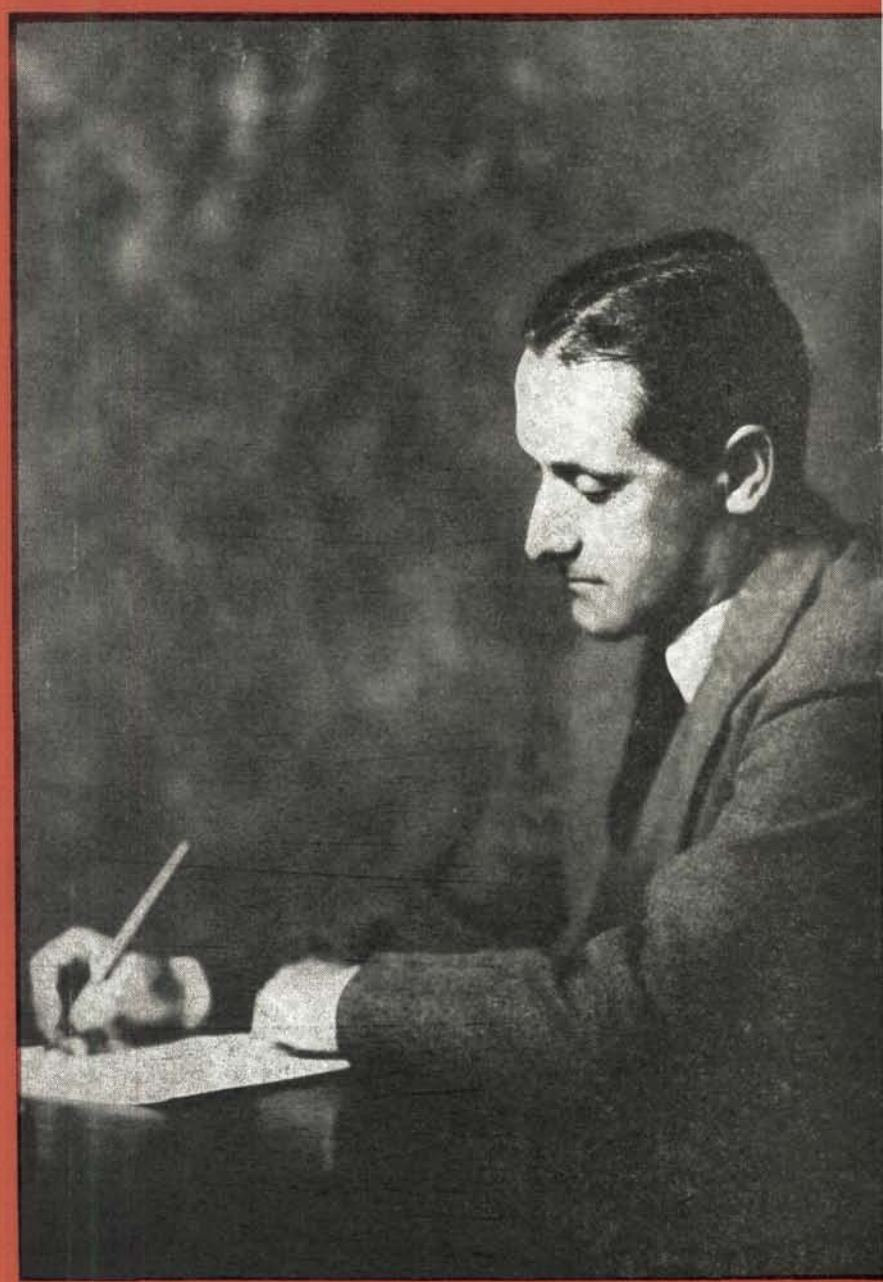

ROBERT NATHAN: "The blend of humor and imagination . . . might serve almost as Mr. Nathan's signature" . . . *(See page 3)*

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Freedom of the Air

BY MORRIS ERNST
AND ALEXANDER LINDEY

Musical programs are "meritorious." (Columbia Symphony Orchestra broadcast; from "Radio Writing," by Max Wylie—Farrar & Rinehart.)

WHEN Phil Stong prepared a radio version of his juvenile "Honk, the Moose," one of the station officials objected to the periodic moose calls. "They're mating calls," he said. "They've got to come out—too sexy."

Before delivering a talk on evolution and the depression, Dr. William K. Gregory of the American Museum of Natural History was required to submit his script to WABC. In it he exposed the opinion that the depression was traceable to the "reckless overproduction of goods and reckless overproduction of people" which characterized our culture. The station objected, but Dr. Gregory stood his ground and won out. When he got on the air, however, he spoke of "the aggressive selfishness of the solitary animal" which had led to "unlimited cutthroat competition." This was too much. Dr. Gregory was cut off the air; he poured his revolutionary views into a dead microphone. Only when he had turned once more to the non-debatable aspects of science was he restored to the ether. Norman Thomas, Socialist leader, and many others have had the same experience.

Maxine Sullivan was ruled off several stations for swinging old songs. NBC won't let General Hugh Johnson sully its microphone with the word *syphilis*. Neither NBC nor CBS will sell time to Father Coughlin. General Smedley Butler must pledge himself to use no more than a specified quota of *damns* and *hells* before he is permitted to face a deodorizer; his own epithet for a microphone. Any mention of strikes in news reports is taboo on WLW. Earl Browder, head of the Communist Party, can't buy time from WIRE.

Although most of the censorship of the air can be laid at the door of the broadcasters, the Federal Communications Commission has also been responsible.

When Charlie McCarthy and Mae West did a travesty on Adam and Eve in a radio skit, the commission administered a sharp rebuke to NBC and intimated that it would bear the episode in mind the next time NBC's license came up for renewal. It started an investigation of charges of profanity and foreign propaganda against the radio version of Clifford Odets's "Waiting for Lefty," and called a halt only when it found that the program had been put on by the Federal Theater. It was prompted to summon WCTN of Minneapolis to a hearing on a single complaint of blasphemy.

It goes without saying that radio, as a means of mass communication, far exceeds the press in scope and influence. It has virtually usurped the place of the public platform for the discussion of social, economic, and political issues. With a restricted radio free speech and free press are empty terms. It was recognized in the early days of radio that broadcasting necessitated some kind of regulation. Anyone could pick a suitable street corner and shout himself hoarse at a crowd. Anyone with money enough to buy a printing press could set it up and start a paper. But everyone couldn't go on the air. There were only so many usable frequencies: nonregulation meant chaos. Besides, broadcasters couldn't appropriate the air; the government owned it, could license its use, and could presumably dictate the terms.

Since broadcasts overlapped state boundaries they constituted interstate commerce. Under the Constitution their regulation was a national, not a state, affair. The Radio Act was enacted in 1927, and the Radio Commission was set up by its terms. In 1934 the act was revised, and the present Federal Communications Commission was created.

The F.C.C. is composed of seven members. It is one of the most important and influential government agencies. During the last few years the commission has been much in the limelight. It has faced problems complex enough to daunt a dozen King Solomons. What with the Scylla of big business on one hand, and the Charybdis of the commission's view of the general good on the other, not to mention the rip tide of politics, it has been stormy sailing. Although the present commission, headed by Chairman McNinch, has tackled its monumental job with concern, diligence, and vision, it has had to withstand a great deal of adverse criticism.

Under the Radio Act, the commission is authorized to regulate radio generally, to allot frequencies for a maximum period of three years, to grant or deny renewals of licenses and to revoke licenses. It is directed to exercise its powers so as to serve "public interest, convenience or necessity."

Section 326 of the act says: "Nothing in this chapter shall be understood or construed to give the commission the power of censorship over the radio communications or signals transmitted by any radio station, and no regulation or condition shall be promulgated or fixed by the commission which shall interfere with the right of free speech by means of radio communications."

This would seem to be as explicit

Next Week

THE CRADLE BUILDER
By WALTER SCHOENSTEDT
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

ATTORNEY FOR THE PEOPLE
By RUPERT HUGHES
Reviewed by Melville Cane

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and unequivocal an injunction as words can express. Certainly the legislative history of the act evidences an indubitable intention to safeguard liberty of utterance. But . . .

(1) Section 326, immediately following the provision quoted above, adds: "No person within the jurisdiction of the United States shall utter any obscene, indecent or profane language by means of radio communication."

(2) Since there is only a limited number of frequencies, and the commission must allot them, the commission must use some yardstick of selection.

(3) The sole criterion voiced in the act is that of "public interest, convenience or necessity."

(4) The President of the United States may reserve waves for such governmental agencies as may require radio communication.

(5) The President is given practically unlimited powers over radio in case of "war or a threat of war or a state of public peril or disaster or other national emergency, or in order to preserve the neutrality of the United States."

What constitutes "obscene, indecent or profane" language? Is a travesty on Adam and Eve obscene? Is it indecent for a blue singer to swing "Loch Lomond?" Who is to decide? When is the decision to be made, before or after utterance? If it is to be made before, who is to wield the blue pencil and to what extent? What factors may the commission consider in applying the test of "public interest, convenience or necessity?" The financial responsibility of the applicant? Its technical equipment? Its program service? If the last, its service in the past or as projected in the future? If the commission chooses to emphasize the factor of program content, is it exercising censorship? How many waves may the President reserve for governmental use? Can he, if he chooses, reserve *all* the available frequencies? What is a state of public peril or disaster? What is a national emergency? Flood, drought, earthquake, famine, tidal wave? Economic crisis? How great need the peril be, and how grave the emergency, to warrant the taking over of the radio by the government?

But the most vexing questions concern the phrase "public interest, convenience or necessity." According to the commission the phrase means that:

(1) The stations must "serve the public," and not exploit "the private or selfish interests of individuals or groups of individuals."

(2) The requirement is met by "a well-arranged program."

(3) Such a program is one which combines "entertainment, consisting of music of both classical and lower grades, religion, education, instruction, important public events, discussion of public questions, weather, market reports and news and matters of interest to all members of the family."

The commission's position, then, is that in dealing with licenses it may predicate its decision on the program service of the applicant. This view has thus far been upheld by the courts as not constituting censorship, and not contravening either Section 326 of the act or the first amendment to the Constitution.

There are approximately ninety channels on the air. The Federal Communications Commission has tried to accommodate six hundred stations on these channels. There aren't enough frequencies to go around. Accordingly, if one station applies for a renewal of its license and another station applies for the same wave length, the commission holds a hearing on the merits of the respective applicants. If other considerations (financial soundness, adequacy of equipment, geographical distribution, and so on) are equally balanced, the final determination is based on the relative merits of the proposed programs submitted to the commission, and also on the program record of the station that has had the frequency. For this purpose programs are classified as (a) meritorious and (b) non-meritorious.

The following types of programs have been called meritorious by the commission:

(1) Foreign-language programs destined to educate and instruct foreigners here in the principles of our government and of American institutions.

(2) Religious features, such as services and family Bible periods.

(3) Civic and charitable broadcasts.

(4) Musical programs.

(5) Educational programs for adults and children on literature, grammar, art, music, religion, and so on, including spelling bees.

(6) Weather information to aid farmers and others.

(7) Broadcasts by such organizations as chambers of commerce, the American Legion, the Federation of Women's Clubs, the D.A.R., and the like.

(8) News and sports broadcasts, including interviews with famous people.

Non-meritorious programs have been held to include:

(1) Advertisements of medical remedies which are either ineffectual or dangerous, or which should not be taken except on advice of a physician.

(2) Advertisements of quack therapeutic appliances such as vitalizing belts, diagnosis machines, and so on.

(3) Advertisements of medical services, including misleading or nonscientific medical advice, or false promises of free consultation and examination or of cure without pain or surgery.

(4) Advertisements of fraudulent business schemes, including deceptive financial advice.

(5) Advertisements of "schools" accompanied by extravagant promises of overnight instruction or unfailing placement.

(6) Programs tending to promote horse racing and gambling.

(7) Advertisements of liquor.

(8) Programs dealing with astrology; and

(9) Programs purportedly religious in character but offensive because of commercial purpose, such as a rabbi advertising his availability for marriages and circumcisions.

The time ratio between commercial and sustaining programs favored by the commission seems to be 35-65.

The stations have for years exercised censorship over the material broadcast by them. Because of the non-availability of data, the extent of this surveillance and its effect on programs is impossible to appraise. There is every reason to believe, however, that the examples given at the beginning of this chapter are typical of many thousands of others. As a rule stations frown on extemporaneous talks; they want scripts in advance. If a speaker manages to get on the air without a script and "transgresses," or if, having furnished one, he departs from it in a way deemed objectionable to the station, he may find himself cut off the air.

The stations seek to justify their blue-penciling on several grounds. They say, with perhaps overmuch of piety, that theirs is a public trust, and that they owe a duty not to sully the ears of their listeners. They say that since the law makes them criminally liable for obscenity and civilly liable for defamation, they are entitled to take reasonable precautions to protect themselves. And they say they're afraid of the commission's big stick, insisting that the six-months' licenses the commission has been doling out keep them in a state of perpetual jitters.

One is inclined to wonder whether they are really as much intimidated by the commission as they claim to be, or whether it isn't just a convenient blind for the exercise of their prejudices. The commission has never ruled or intimated that the mention of strikes in news reports is taboo; the suppression is WLW's own.

Fearful of Federal censorship, the big chains have for years had elabor-

(*Continued on page* 14)

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War of the Vultures

THE EAGLES GATHER. By Taylor Caldwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 498 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

A LITTLE over a year ago appeared Taylor Caldwell's first novel, "Dynasty of Death", a powerful account of the rise of a great munitions family to a position of ominous international influence. "Dynasty of Death" carries the Barbours and Bouchards through the last sixty years of the nineteenth century; the story of "The Eagles Gather" is concerned with bitter family struggles in the Bouchard clan during the 1920s, but many pages of retrospective action establish Ernest Barbour and other founders of the dynasty as substantial characters. Both novels have the same theme—the titanic struggle between ruthlessness, greed, opportunism, selfishness, and dishonesty on the one side (the munitions barons blandly lump together all such practices as "realism"), and altruism, justice, love, and self-sacrifice on the other side. The victor in this internecine war is not announced, for the war is still raging—perhaps more fiercely today than ever before.

"The Eagles Gather" is a depressing, almost terrifying book. It hurls formidable charges against the powers of evil that shape our personal and national destinies, and although the book is fiction, its insinuations and implications are disturbing and sometimes alarming. Is it ironically true that the powerful munitions manufacturers are the only honest internationalists in the world today? Are they determined to wreck democracy wherever it survives, because democratic nations tend to be peace-loving nations? Was the post-war German democracy subverted and Hitler put into power by the arms trust—with the connivance of the British and French Tories? Was Mussolini supported by the same interests? Is anti-Jewish agitation fomented by those who may profit when people smoulder with fear and hate? Have the munitions lobbyists wrecked peace conferences and through a controlled press kept active vestigial national and racial animosities? Have a number of English bishops, Mussolini, and three members of the British Royal family investments in the arms industry? Do the great financiers really make our history? Are they attempting to promote fascism in America?

J. Palumbo—N. Y. World-Telegram

Taylor Caldwell

Under the impact of these allegations we find difficulty in responding always to the deep human demands of the story, but human interest is here. For these men of greed, these "realists," do not hesitate to sacrifice friends, brothers, children, and parents in their ruthless battle for power. The various narratives of the novel deal with death-struggles between Machiavellism and human decency. Although the author is not an absolute cynic, she is no facile optimist, and to resolve these conflicts she does not conjure up the comfortable old saw that right makes might.

One fault of the novel, less annoying than in "Dynasty of Death," is the confusing legion of characters (one sympathizes with Peter Bouchard —"Bouchards upon Bouchards. Peter could not keep his relationships with them straight. Cousins and second-cousins and third-cousins, and in-laws and brothers and nieces and nephews and aunts and uncles and grandparents . . . "). The author does not exercise her artist's privilege to select, but presents to us in detail, often amusing, the whole clan. Possibly, too, the novel is weakened by a glut of g u i l e and hate. Nearly everyone loathes and despises nearly all the other members of the family—brothers hate brothers, parents and children abominate one another—there is hardly a page which does not contain "hate" or "detest" or "nauseate" or "despise" or some such ill-tempered v e r b. Everything considered, "The Eagles Gather" is a full-blooded book, provocative and haunting.

From the jacket of "Portrait of Jennie."

Wishing Game

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE. By Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 212 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MAXWELL

MR. NATHAN'S new novel is not a fantasy. Neither is it "realistic." The action doesn't remain within the bounds of strict possibility, and the two most important characters operate on slightly different time gears so that one ages more quickly than the other. More than anything else it resembles an ordinary day-dream, for, once the story is set in motion, the artist-hero acquires one after another of those things which in his own life are lacking—friends, a solid success, a faithful love; and he acquires them almost effortlessly.

The artist, a young man in his late twenties, is also the narrator of the story. Walking home one evening through Central Park he met a little girl playing hopscotch in the Mall. Surprised to find a child playing in what was at that time of night a lonely place, he stopped to watch her, and eventually they fell into conversation. The little girl's name turned out to be Jennie, and after a moment or two she offered to walk a ways with him. She looked more like a little girl in a painting by Henri or Brush than a present-day youngster.

When they came to the circle at the end of the Mall he said goodby and held out his hand to her. She took it gravely and then asked him if he knew the game she liked to play best. It was a wishing game, she explained, and what she wished for most was that he'd wait for her to grow up. "But you won't, I guess," she said.

The artist was cold, hungry, and tired. If he had had even a little money or any friends waiting for him anywhere he would have walked on,

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probably, and forgotten about her, but he had no assets of any kind, and so he did wait until she grew up.

How she grew up and how, from time to time, she came to him, are Mr. Nathan's story, and I doubt if anyone writing today could have told it with greater tenderness or with quite the blend of humor and imagination which the book has on every page and which might serve almost as Mr. Nathan's signature.

One could point out that he is no more successful than most novelists at suggesting the nature of a painter's mind, but it is an unimportant failure in this case. Mr. Nathan was not seriously attempting, I'm sure, to show how an artist thinks in relation to his work. What concerned him was the artist's hunger for kindness and gentleness and devotion, for all the things which somehow or other make it possible for a man to get through to what is inside him. The accomplishment in "Portrait of Jennie" is minor—at his best, Mr. Nathan has something important to say about the immediate times. But the book is also charming and well done.

Farce with a Purpose

LET THE PEOPLE SING. By J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 351 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

FOR a guess, this is a novel which Mr. Priestley began once before, from a different starting-point. He has contributed to an English miscellany a chapter called "Prologue to an Abandoned Novel," which opens tantalizingly with the escape of an amiable lunatic who has plans for building in every town in England halls where people can get together and sing. That fragment unfortunately broke off, after the lunatic had joined forces with some one who was apparently a more sinister madman; but in "Let the People Sing" Mr. Priestley has returned to the same theme of community singing as a sort of symbol for all the true English values which he wants to see preserved, and again he approaches it in the company of two oddly assorted traveling companions. This time it is Timmy Tiverton, a music-hall artist down on his luck, who has a bomb planted on him by an Irish revolutionist, and who (like a born fool) runs from the police instead of going to them; and his companion, a refugee Czech professor who is obliged to hide because of difficulties about his passport. They have adventures in Mr. Priestley's most Falstaffian manner, collect other acquaintances, and presently come to the town of Dunbury, where there is an ancient market hall, which was given to the town for community music; but both the local Best People, and the American-owned factory, are trying to grab it.

Here the notion of police pursuit is abandoned almost as definitely as the prologue to the unwritten novel, for Timmy and the Professor are allowed to become as conspicuous as they like in defending the market hall, while Mr. Priestley says his say about what is wrong with old families and new business methods. He says it warmly and eloquently; one feels that he has put much of himself into the book; but he has perhaps put in too many of his selves. The jolly Priestley of "The Good Companions" has been providing excellent entertainment; now the serious and generous Priestley of "English Journey" champions the common man; even the Priestley fascinated by the new ideas of time and race-memory who wrote "Time and the Conways," makes a brief appearance; and they do not get on together perfectly. Mr. Priestley seems to have planned a book of farcical picaresque adventure, with an undercurrent of social purpose rising slowly into view, such as Chesterton used to write. But Chesterton always saw that it was necessary for such a book to become more sober as it became more social, and that the solution must be achieved by means which could be taken seriously; whereas "Let the People Sing" lapses again into farce for its solution, with its appeal from Philip sober to Philip drunk.

The conclusion, like everything else in the book, is excellent on its own level; everything is cheerfully and neatly tied up: boy gets girl; Timmy gets an old girl of his, and a contract; professor gets passport; town gets hall. Indeed, the only character one is left wondering about is a local half-wit who has nothing to do with the story. Everything else ends in the most delightful fashion; the arrangement of farcical beginning, serious middle, and farcical conclusion, leaves one with somewhat the same sticky feeling as a sandwich made of bread spread on both sides with jam.

People of the Short Grass

OUR COMMON HERD. By Sue Sanders. New York: Garden City Publishing Company. 1939. 261 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

HERE is a book which, as a picture of the people who live in the Short Grass—that region comprising parts of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico centering around what is now known as the Dust Bowl—has it all over "The Grapes of Wrath" in more ways than a farmer could whip a mule.

The publishers guarantee your money back, if—after reading it—you express dissatisfaction within two weeks; but nobody with any principles of honesty or any shreds of intelligence will demand a refund. This is the most honest, convincing, and authentic book as yet printed about the people of the last frontier.

Sue Sanders

It is the unadorned story of a woman who began as a poor farmer's cotton-picking daughter, and later made fortunes and lost them in the oil game. It is told in the genuine vernacular of the region, an unadorned, racy, pungent story of a person who learned about life the hard way, who asked no favors, no quarter, and pays no undeserved compliments. For hard sense, understanding of human nature, valid sentiment, and the old, basic American philosophy the book will be hard to beat.

The author is no hero-worshipper, and her success has not gone to her head. She gained a point of view which made her incapable of self-pity. Here is a rugged individual with the bark on, a girl who took life by both horns and cracked its neck. As an interpretation of capitalism, it leaves Karl Marx in the dust; as an expression of the faith that made America, it should prove a rebuke to defeatists, and a fountain of strength for those who believe in the American way. The book is a manual of the oil game, and a handbook for success in business. But it is also a book with a great heart, and an honesty and courage that never waver.

The author is no literary person and her style is sometimes monotonous. The book is not goofy enough to please a jaded critical taste, and it offers no easy exits from the responsibility of living. Probably it will not have much of a sale. The real Americans will take it all for granted; others will not understand it. But it is the genuine article, as indigenous and earthy as buffalo grass. People who ask for that refund should be deported.

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T. S. Eliot and Totalitarianism

THE IDEA OF A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY. By T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1940. 104 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH RATNER

FINE feathers may make fine birds; but ideas are not birds, and a vulturous idea decked out in dove's words is still a vulture and not a dove. Mr. Eliot must know this, for he takes such consistently good care *not* to tell us, in his overt exposition, what on earth his "idea" of a Christian Society specifically is. His formal argument is as astute an arrangement of fine words in alluring design, vacuously simulating the appearances of thought, as one could rationally expect to come across outside the products of authentic and immedicable hallucination. But Mr. Eliot himself, fortunately for us, is not endowed with miraculous infallibility, and so it is possible for the reader to eke out, by piecing together incidental and scattered remarks, a definite picture of the society Mr. Eliot wants to see fastened upon the whole human race.

Mr. Eliot wants a society in which Church and State are not two separate institutions but are welded together into one—with the primacy or dominance of the Church fixed and unassailable. This is his fundamental—the establishment of a Theocratic State. But he does not call it by this old-fashioned and plainly understood name; his argument nebulously ambulates with "the religious-social nature of society." Overtly he says, "in speaking of Church and State it is the Anglican Church that I have in mind." But the actual model on which his ideal "idea" is patterned is to be found in Germany: "the tendency of totalitarianism is to re-affirm, on a lower level, the religious-social nature of society." Present-day (March 1939) England is still infected with Liberalism, which is not a political philosophy but a kind of disease, for it tends "to relax, rather than to fortify. It is a movement not so much defined by its end, as by its starting point; away from, rather than towards, something definite." Hence Mr. Eliot righteously castigates England, the United States, and the Dominions, and defends Germany from their criticisms. (For reasons unknown to me he does not once speak of Italy, although he does mention Russia two or three times.) Our "objections to oppression and violence and cruelty"? Don't get unChristianly excited: "however strongly we feel, these are objections to means and not to ends."

And it is "ends" that distinguish Mr. Eliot's "Christian Society." The Fixed and Ultimate Ends. "The Christian attitude towards peace, happiness, and well-being of peoples is that they are a means and not an end in themselves . . . morality is a means and not an end. The Church exists for the glory of God and the sanctification of souls." This is what Mr. Eliot's "Christian [Fascist] Society" will exist for: the preparation of "souls" for life in the next world and to hell with human beings in this. "The Church has perpetually to answer this question: to what purpose were we born? What is the end of Man?"

Bless you, if you are or are to become a Real Christian don't confuse

Elliott & Fry

T. S. Eliot

yourselves with questions of morality —mere means—think and work only for The End. And of course be always prepared to fight—*i.e.* to kill others—for the Sublime Realization of The End. "The idea of a Christian society seems incompatible with the idea of absolute pacificism . . . if I share the guilt of my society in time of 'peace,' I do not see how I can absolve myself from it in time of war, by abstaining from the common action." Jesus Christ was all wrong. The True and Ultimate Christian Injunction is this: since you have sinned already go and sin some more. In Mr. Eliot's Christian Society there will never be lacking multitudes of occasions for fulfilling this injunction with fire and sword internationally, and with the methods of the Grand Inquisitors intranationally. For details see his book.

Joseph Ratner has edited a number of philosophical works, including "The Philosophy of John Dewey" and "Intelligence in the Modern World."

Poet and Botanist

THREE ACRES AND A MILL. By Robert Gathorne-Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 361 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

IT is a toss-up whether you will be reading this review under the classification of garden books, belles-lettres, or travels. Or, quite possibly, autobiography. But the ladies of The Garden Club of America who read this book for its undoubtedly valuable hints on rock gardening with arctic-alpine flowers are going to get a dreadful shock when the author quotes an Icelander's query into his sex life. I'm not sure that the ladies can ever love their Iceland poppies quite so thoughtlessly again. But those who enjoy the aristocratic suavity of the author (who goes to Iceland with a monocle in his eye) for his resemblance to the hero of a Somerset Maugham story, will come up repeatedly against such dramatic climaxes as this:

> " 'Good God!' I said. 'That's *Campanula cenisia!*' And I might have added, had I been in a didactic mood, one of the most beautiful of western high-alpine campanulas, and that it was by no means common."

The author is stated to be a poet and a botanist, and he certainly sees the world like a poet. As a botanist he is that unusual and, I think, valuable kind, a genuine flower-worshipper. This poet-gardener's strictly botanical experiences in northern Spain, the Alps, Provence, the Canary Islands, and Iceland, in search of wild flowers for naturalization on his three English acres, will seem important or delightful only to some gardeners and some botanists. Human beings, however, pleasant scenes, random reflections, are stirred into this green salad.

A strange, a haunting nostalgia of Europe on the verge of destruction creeps into these pages, a feeling I have experienced myself while lying in a high meadow of the Maritime Alps, among bluebells and campion, listening to the drone of the army planes overhead, looking at the forts across the frontier through my glasses, seeing swart African troops dragging machine guns up through European deciduous forests. Somehow, in spite of all his dilettantism, in spite of his monocle and his mill —which isn't a mill anymore but a sort of scenic property like the one in Marie Antoinette's village—in spite of the fact that I don't care so much for arctic-alpines in gardens as in the arctic and on alps, the poet often caught me by the buttonhole. I don't think he is yet quite fused with the botanist, but both men are interesting.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Editors
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY }

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"Lice of Literature"

IN a pamphlet entitled "Reviewing,"* Virginia Woolf issues a modest proposal for the abolition of that enterprise, in so far as it is applied to imaginative literature. Her arguments are familiar. "Hamlet" and "Paradise Lost" rode to fame without benefit of reviews, on "criticism conveyed by word of mouth." Reviews had a "notorious" effect on sensitive writers like Keats and Tennyson. A review stopped the sale of "Henry Esmond" (how temporarily, Mrs. Woolf does not even imply). She quotes Dickens: "How can a man like Macready fret and fume and chafe himself for such lice of literature as these?"—the lice being reviewers.

The argument proceeds: cheap printing resulted not only in more books, but—towards the middle of the nineteenth century—in a great exfoliation of reviewing. Reviews became more numerous, shorter, and more timely, with the result that reviewing and literary criticism became two entirely separate categories. And with the further result that reviewing lost its value for the three classes of people concerned: authors, readers, and publishers. Reviewing is valueless because of its "variety and diversity of opinion." "Praise cancels blame, and b l a m e praise." Both become worthless to the author, and unconvincing to the reader; and if readers no longer take the advice of reviewers, the effect of reviewing on publishers' sales disappears.

At this point Mrs. Woolf abandons the consideration of the reader in relation to the reviewer, and proceeds to suggest that public reviewing be superseded by a system of commercial consultation between authors and reviewers in private. Such a system might bring the benefits of professional advice and opinion to authors who could profit by it, and the extraneous effects of reviews upon authors' public reputations would be removed. For the public, the newspapers could devise a code of symbols—asterisks, daggers, and other typographical devices—to indicate recommendations without waste of verbiage; the saving of space might provide an opportunity to publish genuine criticism.

The answer to this is partially supplied by Leonard Woolf in his Afterword. Mr. Woolf saves other commentators the trouble of pointing out that reviews are written for readers, and that their effect upon authors is irrelevant; if an author occasionally derives a valuable suggestion from a review, that is lagniappe. He also maintains—as we do—that the effect of reviews on readers is by no means undermined by "variety and diversity of opinion." "To assume that . . . the art of reviewing is easy and mechanical is a complete misapprehension. . . . Reviewing is a highly skilled profession. . . . The fact that in the exceptional cases in which the book reviewed may have some claims to be a new work of art two reviewers may sometimes take diametrically opposite views is really irrelevant and does not alter the fact that the vast majority of reviews do give an accurate and often interesting account of the book reviewed."

Mr. Woolf does not exhaust the rebuttal, and a few words of elaboration are perhaps appropriate. In the first place, it is, to say the least, a novelty to find Virginia Woolf implying that opinions are valueless when they are not unanimous. The "variety and diversity" in w h i c h "praise cancels blame" actually give evidence not only of the obvious multiplicity of human tastes, but of the honesty of reviewing. Mrs. Woolf seems to think that readers of reviews must either take them as gospel or reject them altogether. What actually happens is that constant readers of reviews follow a certain reviewer or a certain publication to the point of knowing more or less where their own tastes are likely to diverge from those of the reviewer or the publication. Readers of reviews are plentifully supplied with grains of salt. This does not mean that reviews do not sell books, it means that the effect of reviews upon the sales of books is complicated and usually incalculable; sometimes a single review will be highly effective, sometimes a chorus of praise will produce no results.

In the second place, Mrs. Woolf specifically exempts the reviewer of non-imaginative literature—of history, politics, and economics—from her strictures. Why? Surely there is as much diversity of opinion among reviewers of history, politics, and economics as among reviewers of poetry, fiction, and drama. Indeed, during the last ten years, when historical, political, and economic dogmas have had such vociferous literary champions, the most spectacular cat fights among reviewers have been in precisely these categories. If "variety and diversity of opinion" vitiate the reviewing of imaginative literature, why do they not also render valueless the reviewing of history, politics, and economics—where facts are so much more important? Mrs. Woolf does not explain.

In the third place, Mrs. Woolf's suggestion that reviewers metamorphose themselves into private consultants is superfluous. This is the function of editors; in many publishing houses, it is a function admirably fulfilled, and it includes the ability to discriminate among authors who will profit by advice, authors who never need advice, and authors who resent advice.

In the fourth and last place, Mrs. Woolf's implication that bad reviewing drives out good criticism is unsubstantiated. It is also left more or less uncontradicted by Mr. Woolf, who merely observes that "the public" does not want literary criticism. We disagree with both of them. The concept of "the public" is meaningless; certainly it is the experience of this magazine that a substantial number of readers do want literary criticism. The difficulty arises over specific articles, which the authors may regard as good literary criticism and the editors as pedantry, or others which the editors may regard as good literary criticism and the subscribers as pretentious and empty. Such "diversity of opinion" is unavoidable. But there is no more reason why reviewing and criticism cannot exist side by side than there is why journalism and literature cannot exist side by side. Obviously they do.

*REVIEWING. By Virginia Woolf. With a note by Leonard Woolf. London: The Hogarth Press. 1939. 31 pp. 6d.

Problem of Immortality

BY THEODORE SPENCER

IF the call comes, who answers?
If the answer comes, who calls?

Over and over again,
Once, once forever,
Disintegrate the clever
Hand and heart and brain.
Bones, once hurried about
By competent muscle and mind,
Now to slack air refined,
Ravel the question out.
What language can tell why?
What final voice resounds
Without (within?) the bounds
Of the irreparable "I"?
Into what wrath of light,
Beneath what boon of dark,
Shudders the anguished spark
When day and night are night?

If the call comes, who answers?
If the answer comes, who calls?

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Letters to the Editor: *Double-Crostics without Dictionaries*

Autarky

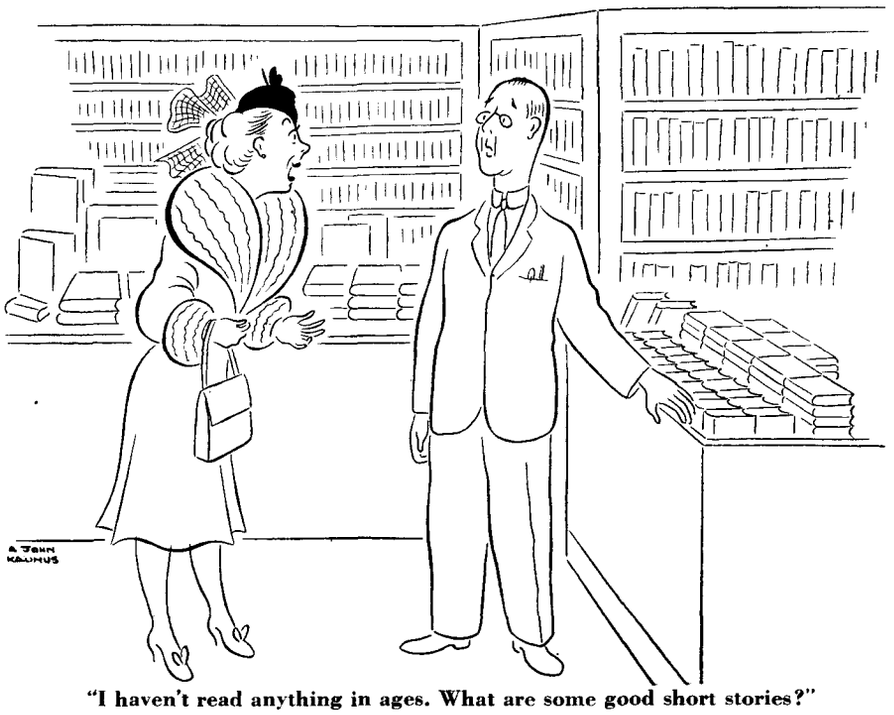
SIR:—It is a pleasure to write my first note of 1940 to you, congratulating you on the correct, Aristotelian spelling of "Autarky" in the heading of Toni Stolper's review, on p. 17 of the December 30 issue of the *S. R. L.* Webster, you will find, is against you; but I have written to Webster protesting his weak concession in confusing autarchy and autarky under the spelling of the former. *The New York Times* and other staid authorities are following Webster's error, but Webster has written me a letter of apology and promise of reformation. Stand by your autarkic guns, Mr. Editor.

EDGAR S. BRIGHTMAN.

Newton Center, Mass.

A Problem of Conscience

SIR:—I write you as one in perplexity of conscience. What the Double-Crostics cult needs is a code of ethics. How and how far may a disciple use dictionaries, encyclopedias, and other books of reference? I always try to solve these puzzles unassisted—out of my own consciousness and memory. Like that of all the rest of us, my information has wide, waste gaps. For instance, having no real interest in music, I'm lost when Mrs. Kingsley throws a seventeenth-century Italian composer at me. Similarly, my memory of the Old Testament isn't what it ought to be. Having exhausted the items which rate as information tests, I go for the synonyms. When I've four or five items, I begin hopefully to enter them in the puzzle, and to work out words on the law of probabilities. Presently, I slow down. Finally, I feel backed against a wall. "Symphony by Beethoven" in eight letters. It includes one letter that I need badly. I tousle my hair. Suddenly, my resistance gives way. I walk over to the encyclopedia feeling like a man who has broken the pledge, pull out Balb to Brai, and run through "Beethoven," ignoring all words not in italics. I find it and enter it, but not with the satisfaction of the virtuous over a puzzle well done. No, I have a deep, Calvinistic sense of sin. And, as the temperance orators used to tell us, it's the first step that counts. Presently, I come to a Greek philosopher. I'm pretty strong on Greece but not on its philosophy. Plato, Aristotle, and Socrates about let me out there. This time, unsportsmanlike conduct comes easier. By now, the puzzle is rolling down hill. Hardened that I am, I can regard the completed work with a meretricious sense of satisfaction. But a substratum of guilt remains. On the other hand, about one time in eight I do it without opening a single book, and go singing about my neglected work.



"I haven't read anything in ages. What are some good short stories?"

Have I been adhering to a mere tabu, like that of the savage who dare not mention the name of his mother-in-law? What do the other followers do? Consult dictionaries? Sometimes I imagine fantastically a solver who is such a combination of universal knowledge and genius for synonyms that he fills in every word of the clues before he enters a letter in the diagram. But that cannot be. Such a phenomenon would resemble a golfer who always made the short holes in one.

Yours in perplexity,

WILL IRWIN.

New York City.

"Upper Case Authors"

SIR:—Some six months ago Arnold Mulder's timely article "Authors and Wolverines" appeared in your *Review*. I am sure that he expressed the sentiments of many librarians in this state, for we have long felt the need of a few "upper case Authors" who could really write about the resources, the history, the labor problems in Michigan.

It is a safe wager that many of us have our hopes dashed into the ground every time the Spring and Fall lists of novels appear. That is probably why I am sounding off now.

Stephen Holbrook has done an interesting bit of work in his "Holy Old Mackinaw" and "Iron Brew." In two lusty pieces of writing he has made a definite contribution to Northwest Americana. Stewart E. White came into the lumber camps in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and stayed long enough to get the material for his "Blazed Trail" published in 1902. That story is still a favorite. Can't some "upper case Author" use the iron mines of the Upper Peninsula as a background and give us a decent regional novel? Surely the iron and steel industry is big enough and important enough to produce one worth-while volume of fiction. Or is that the problem? Is it too big to be used? It is virgin soil, but I for one want the right person to do the plowing.

ELIZABETH L. ELLISON,
Librarian

Marquette, Mich.

Clarence Darrow

SIR:—Among your readers there must be many who followed with interest the cases and causes of Clarence Darrow, on whose life story I am working. I am interested in hearing from people who knew Darrow, who fought with him or against him; I am particularly eager to see his letters and hear stories of personal relationships that could not otherwise be known.

All material will be returned safely.

IRVING STONE.

Encino, Cal.

General Homer Lea

SIR:—I am preparing a biography of General Homer Lea, author of "The Valor of Ignorance," "The Day of the Saxon," and, with Richard Claiborne Croxton, "The Great Symbol."

Any assistance your readers may give, however slight, would be helpful.

CHARLES O. KATES.

Flushing, N. Y.

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Storms and Shelter

TURN EVER NORTHWARD. By Margaret Barrington. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 297 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN SCOTT MABON

IT is difficult at best for Americans without Irish background to comprehend emotionally as well as intellectually the religious, political, and social antagonisms that have been so characteristic a part of Irish life. Margaret Barrington, whose theme would appear to be that blood is thicker than social change, has somewhat complicated the reader's task by giving French antecedents to the two chief characters in this Irish novel.

Some two hundred years ago one of the Thoraulds, whose family fortune was made in spinning-mills in the Lagan, had built a great stone country house up in the storm-swept north of Ireland. Here, "forgotten, it seemed, and abandoned by their families," lived Anne Louise Delahaie and her cousin Justin, surrounded by portraits of dead ancestors, cared for by an aunt and a patrician old grandfather who divided his attention between Pascal and a daily quart of whiskey. In this private world, set apart as gentry from the village boys whose cruelty Justin loathed, the cousins grew up. And here in their adult years, after attempting unsuccessfully to become part of the larger world that lay beyond, they were to return, drawn to the place and to each other by an irresistible magnetism.

Miss Barrington, a new writer with distinctive narrative gifts, is most successful when she is describing Loulie's and Justin's childhood in this land of "Ossianic grandeur." The atmosphere of the old house, the wild, bleak landscapes, the youthful adventures and companionship that make up the first part of the story—all these elements combine to create a mood reminiscent of "Wuthering Heights." It is only when the young pair go out into the world that the treatment becomes thin. Loulie's stay in Dublin during the period of the Rebellion and her sudden marriage to the former brutal village boy, Egan O'Doherty, are too sketchily developed. Likewise the course of Justin's life, his marriage to a little London chippy, his war experience, his cynical career as a shyster lawyer, in short everything that leads him to his embittered view of the world, is curiously neglected. The author establishes suggestively the remote northern fastness which, as one of the cousins says, "can shelter us against all storms, as it sheltered our grandfather"; she does not convey a strong sense of the storms from which they seek shelter; and one is left wondering just where their trouble lay. "Times are changing, Loulie," Justin says. "Wherever we go we are lone wolves, outcasts. In England because we are Irish. Here in Ireland because we do not belong to the people. . . ." But was it because they were Irish, or because by blood and Huguenot tradition they were French, or because of their class, or simply because of some peculiar private perversity? In the violence that climaxes the novel and in the resolution that brings it to a close, the dark necessities of this strange couple become, because of obscure motivation, slightly grotesque.

Family Goat

BUT YOU ARE YOUNG. By Josephine Lawrence. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1940. 330 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

MISS LAWRENCE always sets herself an interesting problem. In "If I Have Four Apples," she considered the fate of a family of Micawbers who insist that two and two should, and perhaps do, make five, in a more arithmetically minded world. "A Good Home With Nice People" took up the servant problem, looking at it from two opposite points of view. In "But You Are Young," she is concerned with the right of her young heroine to marry and lead her own life, however much family duty gets in her way.

Kelsie Wright is a symbol of family loyalty. Generous, amiable, and sympathetic, Kelsie turns over her hard-earned salary as a manicurist to support her family. Her father is out of work; her brother Matt is of the generation which has never found a job. Both these men are bitter and not very grateful for what she does. Her mother is over-worked and distraught, her grandmother cheerful but impoverished. Her selfish younger sister insists on preparing herself to be a teacher, however great the sacrifice to others. The older children in the family have established themselves and are well off, but they are worldly and self-centered and invent excuses not to help. Kelsie, as she admits herself, is the goat. "She was a dope, a nice, sweet dope, but nevertheless not all there," her last suitor told her. Her life is further complicated by the fact that she is domestic by nature and longs to be married and have four children. How can she, when her family weigh like millstones round her neck? Can she let them down? Her first suitor is a snobbish prig who cannot bear the untidy Wright tribe. Her second is older, sophisticated, protective, but unfortunately already married. When Kelsie meets her fate, it is Clark Hamer, who also has dependent relatives, and is as much the family goat as she. After suffering vicariously through Kelsie's extreme unselfishness, the reader feels intense relief when she finally decides to lead her own life and walks out.

Hal Phyfe

Josephine Lawrence

Josephine Lawrence is an excellent reporter. She has a good ear for what people say, and a lively sympathy and concern with human problems. The Wrights are a credible family, not unlike the improvident group in "If I Have Four Apples" and that other in "You Can't Take It With You." Occasionally a character becomes too much a symbol to be convincing. Kelsie's neighbors and co-workers, on the other hand, are true to life. Her job in a beauty parlor brings some well recorded examples of class bitterness. To judge from the telling barbs in "The Women" and "But You Are Young," the beauty salon is going to be the scene of the next revolution.

There is an excellent movie in "But You Are Young." Your reviewer has no Hollywood connections, but someone ought to consider the mixture of comedy and pathos in Kelsie's pitiful preparations to go to a dance, in her sister's expensive dog-breeding venture in contrast to the family poverty, and finally in the satisfying scene of our heroine's walk-out.

This is a study of an economic problem, well observed, and done with more humor than bitterness.

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Wagner—et al.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA GUIDE. By Mary Ellis Peltz and Robert Lawrence. New York: The Modern Library. 1939. 511 *pp.* $1.25.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

"THE new opera audience of America extends from coast to coast," begins the introduction to this volume, one of imposing proportions. It is true, indeed, that opera, formerly an exclusive monopoly of a small coterie, is now reaching all strata of American society through the radio.

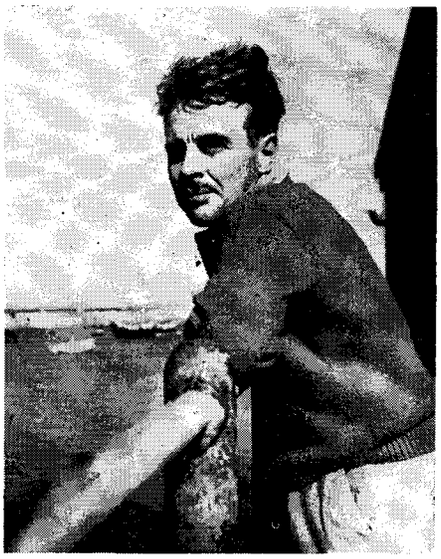
It is doubtful whether one can find a genre of art the center of more ardent controversy than the opera. Although seemingly the result of an effort to imitate classical tragedy, opera is one of the most original creations of modern civilization. It is evident that a piece of poetry cannot be set to music without considering the particular problem involved in this relationship, for poetry has its laws and music follows its own rules. The problem is curiously transformed according to its country of origin. German musical genius likes to indulge in dreaming and in metaphysics, hence German lyric drama (with the exception of Italianate works) is not, properly speaking, opera, that is a harmonic union of text and music, the balance being upset in favor of introspection. French opera is, more than any other form of the theater, an expression of decorative art, and English opera has never gone beyond a modest start. It is only in Italy, birthplace of opera, that we see "the divine marriage of music and poetry accomplished in a harmonious way" (Rolland), for the sensibility of the Italians is lively and simple enough to prevent the words from becoming abstractions.

It is the great tragedy of the modern lyric stage that it considered the operatic esthetics of Wagner as the only valid doctrine of music drama; but the musical world is awakening to the realization that there is perhaps more to opera than Wagnerian music drama, that music can create characters which are feasible in music only, and that such characterizations constitute its supreme task. When Mozart was accused of having distorted the characters in Beaumarchais' "Figaro," Stendhal came to the rescue with an observation that should be the motto of every book on opera. "One can say that Mozart distorted the play as much as it was possible, but he changed Beaumarchais' picture entirely; the essence is no longer in the situations, all the characters turned toward the tender and the passionate; what is merely indicated in the original is entirely developed *in the music* . . . 'Figaro' is a supreme blend of wit and melancholy. . . ."

"Parsifal." (Illustrations in columns one and two from "The Metropolitan Opera Guide.")

It was hoped that a publication sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild would endeavor to inculcate love and understanding for opera in a public avidly waiting for guidance, that it would point out to this public that Wagnerian music drama is not the alpha and omega but simply one segment of operatic history, that there is a wealth of incomparable masterpieces waiting to be performed, and that there would be an apology for the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera. Instead the authors have given us a pedestrian and amateurish compilation of opera plots (available in many others works with much more literary zest) with one-page introductions to whole centuries of music. Not a sensible word about opera and its own esthetics, not a sentence which would indicate a faint understanding of the soul-searching qualities of the lyric drama, nothing but prosaic marginal directions of stage movements and such elaborate and authentic historical data as the exact degree of membership of certain composers in the Legion of Honor, and the burying place of the original heroine of "La Traviata". Even the scant introductions to operatic periods are liberally sprinkled with inaccuracies, and if an appraisal or criticism is tendered, it usually takes the form of a comparison to Wagner, naturally to the detriment of the other composer. We are sorry that an excellent opportunity has been missed, but hope that the professional excellence that is required in Metropolitan opera productions will yet find an echo in the literary ventures of its supporting Guild.

"Götterdämmerung"



Leo Walmsley

Discovery of Life

LOVE IN THE SUN. By Leo Walmsley. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 303 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THERE may be something in a plain recital of the events in "Love in the Sun" that will explain the great charm it possesses, or the rare satisfaction it will provide its readers. A man and his wife arrive all but penniless upon one of the bleak stretches of the Cornish coast. They rent a flimsy shack set in some stony soil and make a home of it, building, digging, planting. With garden and boat they begin to wrest a hard living out of sea and land. Their life is strenuous; at the same time there is a natural and simple logic about it that breeds a deep contentment, for it is governed by an uncomplicated sequence of effort and reward, every labor bearing its fruit as well as every blunder its punishment. The man achieves enough of vision to look back upon all he has known and write of it when he can. A baby is born to them and they heighten their efforts to make a living for three.

With this the story itself is told, but there remains the superb treatment Mr. Walmsley has given it, a treatment that is arresting not because it is new (as some of the enraptured British reviews suggest), but because it is classic, good, and has been too long neglected. It is simply the old magic of calm understatement combined with sold, rich detail, and for a good early example of it we must skip back to, let us say, Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe"—others will come easily to mind. Such is the source of this book's curious charm, its nostalgic simplicity. The man speaks to us with an impersonal directness unparalleled in

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the recent novel. There is no self-conscious, romanticized personality coloring his words, no emoting over critical moments. The life in the book is not his, it is that of the world he and his wife have lived with, the sea and cliffs and sun and weather and townsfolk, so baldly and perfectly set down that we are always forgetting the narrator, which is miracle enough for any first-person book.

So sure and winning is this quiet narrative that one may well rise from it with a gnawing doubt: is everything else, all the keen and complex artistry of this century's novels, an overstatement? It is very much like turning from an orgy of technicolor to one of the best in black and white. The question need not be argued or answered; Mr. Walmsley has demonstrated that the old artlessness proves to be good writing and makes a good novel today. More than that, it is the style best suited for echoing the clear and ringing note of affirmation which sounds throughout the book. In this day of negation we shall remember, as much as anything else, the Yorkshireman's hearty yea to life.

That Next President

1940. By Jay Franklin. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 319 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH

POLITICAL prophecies are, at their literary best, items of dubious merit in a writer's portfolio of tricks. They have a lamentable habit of boomeranging, when least expected, to knock into a cocked hat the more solemn pretensions of their deliverers, as witness Mr. H. L. Mencken's learned pronouncement on the eve of the 1936 Presidential campaign that "a Chinaman could win against Roosevelt." To outline, however sketchily, the political scene of tomorrow as it will be played in these United States requires either sublime courage or an almost complete recklessness for the consequences of inaccuracy. Undoubtedly it was courage, and a firm conviction in his political faith, that prompted Jay Franklin to hazard his reputation as an acute commentator of current events, and for that he is to be admired. His predictions for the year 1940, as well as his interpretation of the various trends in national affairs, are not quite so praiseworthy.

For Mr. Franklin, as readers of his newspaper column are aware, is neither objective nor non-partisan in his reportorial point of view. It is not so much that he is violently New Deal—for there is much that he finds to criticize in the workings of the Roosevelt administration—but rather that he is so definitely and violently anti-Republican. The prospect of Republican "Tories" once again entering into power in Washington fills him with a fear as deep and painful as would be Mr. Tom Girdler's at the thought of John L. Lewis sitting in the White House. It is Mr. Franklin's belief that in 1932 America was on the verge of a revolution, brought dangerously close to a head by Hoover's do-nothing policies, and that credit for frustrating this revolution belongs to the New Deal proposals of Roosevelt. Many of those proposals, however—again according to Jay Franklin—were not successfully carried out. Part of the blame rests with the factional disputes among New Dealers, part with sabotage by Republican opponents. Whatever the cause, the resultant loss of power by the Democratic Party was evidenced in the 1938 primaries. By the early part of 1939, it appeared that the Democrats would defeat themselves.

What, then, happened to change the political scene? It is Jay Franklin's contention that up to September, 1939, it would have been Roosevelt or ruin for the Democratic Party in 1940, that the President's personal popularity with the voters far exceeded party lines. With the outbreak of the European War the political picture changed overnight. To quote:

> The New Deal-Tory "war," which had split the Democratic Party, disappeared in an atmosphere of reconciliation and friendliness. It had been a good war while it lasted but it was a dangerous luxury to indulge in time of crisis. Republican response was more cautious and more grudging, as the G.O.P. itself split wide open on the issue of neutrality, and Roosevelt approached the 1940 campaign with reasonable assurance that he could be painlessly renominated and re-elected or name his own successor. . . . When the test came, Roosevelt and Roosevelt's New Deal were revealed as the moral key to American survival. To few men has history given so magnificent an accolade, that in time of trouble his opponents turned to him for leadership. . . .

The book "1940" may find Republican readers, but few Republican admirers. The year 1940 is another matter.

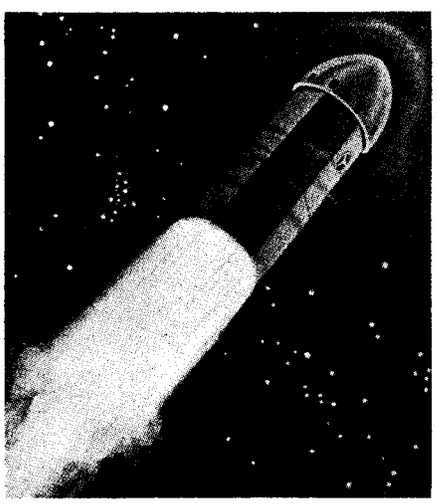
Main Lines of Science

SCIENCE MARCHES ON. By Walter Shepherd. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1939. 420 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE R. HARRISON

THIS book represents a unified view of certain scientific developments which have popular appeal. Instead of carrying each branch of science through from its beginnings to the present day, the author ignores arbitrary boundaries between the sciences as much as possible, and presents a group of parallel histories. Each chapter deals with some particular phase of scientific development, such as "The Idea of Evolution," "The Conquest of Material," or "The Conquest of Force," from the earliest times to the present. The subject-matter is taken from astronomy, biology, chemistry, geology, mathematics, medicine, and physics, and is ideally chosen to awaken interest in science, or to answer the "how" and "why" questions of adolescents or adults.

"Science Marches On" is well-written and appears to be, in the main, authoritative, though the discussion of television was obviously written by an Englishman, and some of the other material on physics is a trifle outdated. Minor limitations of this sort are to be expected, however, in a book covering such a wide range of subject-matter. There is a great wealth of excellent illustration, though it is perhaps not captious to point out that the "modern type of X-ray tube" shown is of the vintage of 1910, while the picture labeled "thermocouple" turns out to be a radiomicrometer. The thirty-odd plates are excellently chosen and reproduced, though unfortunately many of them had to be placed far from the matter they were designed to illustrate.



An artist's conception of newest kind of "space rocket" in flight.

The author appears to have carried out his appointed task very successfully, and has brought to the various subjects discussed a freshness and interest which are often missing in more formal presentations.

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Profile of a Booklover

BY BEN ABRAMSON

WHEN Dick Madden first walked into my bookshop fifteen years ago, he would not have impressed anybody as a success. He wore the uniform of a cab-driver and the air of one who lived in the moment. Nor could he have been suspected of Villonesque dreams or philosophic superiority to his lot. He carried under his arm two back numbers of *Western Story* magazine. These he wanted to trade for one back number of another western story magazine.

Well, the evening was drizzly, business was slack, and I was in a talkative mood. Besides, Dick Madden's face inspired talk. It was the kind of face one instantly pictures when one thinks of an Irishman. His voice, too, was typically Irish, although the brogue had been flattened somewhat by two generations of American ancestors.

We talked of general things for a while and I learned that he had been a sheet-metal worker but that trade had fallen off to such a degree that he had taken to cab-driving. I asked him if it was true, as the sign in his cab stated, that a cab-driver is chosen for his carefulness and his courtesy. Dick said he supposed so and then began to tell me something of the life of a cab-driver. He told me of the fierce competition for fares, of transporting strange people on unknown errands, of waging verbal warfare with traffic policemen. And I came to feel that whatever the requirements of the company may be, a cab-driver is chosen by the gods for his audacity.

Dick Madden had fire. It was unsuspected and feebly fed with poor fuel, but it was fire just the same. His mind was uncomplicated by any misgivings about the past or by fear for the future. In his free time he sought such pleasures as were accessible to him; they were not of an exalted nature and they did not reach the roots of his being, but they passed the time. It seemed to me that Dick was a cab-driver and a sheet-metal worker only by chance. By nature he was an adventurer, whose field at the moment was limited and whose imagination was entirely undeveloped.

Some obscure groping for symmetry led me to talk to that impassive but formidable face, that apotheosis of all Irish faces, about Irish literature. I found myself telling him about books in which I had not the slightest expectation he would become interested. I talked of poetry and prose, of fiction and fancy, of fairy lore, of Yeats and Dunsany and James Stephens and Synge. I asked Dick if he had ever heard of Wolfe Tone. He had not. I asked him if he knew "The Book of the Four Masters" and "The Book of Kels." He did not. I asked him what he knew of Daniel O'Connell, of Clarence Mangan, of Parnell, of patriots and politicians, of Irish kings and queens, of writers and statesmen who had become enduring symbols of Irish life. He had heard of none of these, he had read none of their works.

Instead of a western story magazine, it was a second-hand copy of a short history of Ireland that he finally bought and took home with him.

A few days later he came back, excited about the things that he had learned, the men and women he had met in the pages of that small book. Every few days he came in to get more books about Ireland—all cheap second-hand copies. Once I showed him a copy of "King Goshawk and the Birds," by Eimar O'Duffy. It is as rare and delicate a novel, both in theme and in manner, as I could have hit upon. He asked me to wrap it up. The next time he came in he remarked that O'Duffy was a guy who had the right idea. But where he himself had found out about the right idea, he did not explain.

He took more Irish books—histories, biographies, novels, plays, and poetry. I was exhilarated by my success—and his. I felt like Pygmalion. Yet the role I played was almost the reverse of Pygmalion's. Instead of animating a senseless block of marble and converting it into perishable flesh, I confronted a living and very vital person with the monuments of literature. They might well have turned him to stone. If he had not had stuff, he would have taken one quick look at them and been overwhelmed and discouraged. And ever afterward he would have been dissatisfied with himself. But Dick Madden could take it.

I drew him out about the books he was reading. He was not only reading them but reading them for pleasure. And because he took pleasure in them, he was learning more about Irish literature in those months than most serious students learn in years. He was still a cab-driver and he was still Dick Madden—but more Dick Madden than he had ever been before; a hidden reservoir of responsiveness and passion in him had been touched.

As the months passed and we exchanged impressions, opinions, and judgments, I realized suddenly that it was he who was telling and teaching me, and not I him. He had far outstripped me in knowledge of Irish literature. With no incentive except an energetic interest, he was becoming an authority on the subject.

One day he came in to say goodbye. Cab-driving, he said, had become less profitable, and he had decided to go to California and try his fortune. He had crated his books and sent them on by freight. He had bought a bus ticket and he had $85.00 left to sustain him while he was looking for work.

I received a postal card from him on his arrival and a short note a fortnight later, telling me had had not yet found work. About a year later I received a letter from one of my customers in California, saying he had run into a friend of mine, Dick Madden, who was operating a small book store called Madden's Barn.

I wrote to congratulate him on having become a bookseller. I wished him success and asked him to write me often. This he did not do. Dick is not a very good correspondent. As the years passed I had occasional news, sometimes from him, sometimes from my customers and friends in California who had met him. I had no full details. All I knew was that he was getting on.

And then one day last year, without warning, Dick walked into the shop and told me the story of his twelve years in the west. In Los Angeles he had tried to get a job first at sheet-metal work, then as cab-driver. He was unsuccessful. His funds were running low and he was ready to turn his hand to anything. One day while walking in the neighborhood where he was living, he saw a group in some altercation. He discovered that the landlord of a vacant building had accused some boys in the neighborhood of breaking into the store and taking electric light and plumbing fixtures. Dick had an idea and talked it over with the landlord. The upshot of it was that he was given permission to sleep in the store, and in return was to guard the place and keep the windows washed.

He had his crates of books delivered to the vacant store. One day, when he was almost penniless, he returned home at about three o'clock in the afternoon from hunting for a job. He remembered his books. They were his last resource. He opened a crate, constructed a crude stand, and lettered a sign which read ANY BOOK ON THIS STAND 15c. He put the stand near the doorway and waited. During the afternoon he sold three books and made enough money to buy food for nearly two days. The next day he opened a second crate and made another stand on which he put a sign reading ANY BOOK ON THIS STAND 25c. That day he sold a few more

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books. He continued returning early each day from job-hunting.

One day a man stopped in to look over the books. He noticed that all of them were about Ireland or by Irish writers, and he asked Dick if he had any more. There were two crates more; Dick opened them and spoke with authority of their contents and their merits. The man bought several books and paid good prices. This incident encouraged Dick to continue as a bookseller. He talked with the landlord and agreed to pay a percentage of his sales as rent. He had enough money now to have the electricity turned on. The grocer next door agreed to supply him with as many egg crates as he needed for shelves.

Dick spent his mornings searching in second-hand furniture stores and in booksellers' shops for Irish books. He built up a small but active trade. Meanwhile, he continued to read Irish literature.

One day a priest walked by, noticed the shop, and came in. He looked over the books, then fell into conversation with Dick. Learning that Dick was an authority on Irish literature, the priest offered to pay him $10 each for a series of lectures on the subject. Dick agreed. His platform manner was remarkable in that it was his own natural manner transferred to the platform. And this manner was fully as effective with the people of sunny California as it had been with an audience of one bookseller on that drizzly evening many years ago. He obtained other engagements and soon he was addressing not only small church groups but women's clubs and other large organizations. He increased his stock of books but saw no reason for leaving his shop in the one large, barn-like room.

Once a customer brought a famous Irish moving picture actor to Dick's place. The actor bought many books and later introduced other people to the shop. The studios discovered Dick and called him in as consultant when they needed technical information about Irish speech or Irish scenes. His revenue from this and other activities, while not imposing, enabled him to live comfortably. Soon he moved to a better business location and accumulated a larger stock. Liam O'Flaherty met Dick while he was in Hollywood working on his picture, "The Informer." The two Irishmen found that they were kinsmen in more than the racial sense. Dick was prospering, and not only materially.

At this point, if the success story followed the usual pattern, Dick should have met the daughter of Hollywood's richest producer, married her, and come into possession of a solid gold Packard and a house in Beverly Hills. But Dick's success does not conform to the conventional formula.

He did meet a girl and he did marry her. She was a clerk in the drug store on the corner nearest his shop. She was intelligent and she shared Dick's interest in books. Together they entered upon a rich and varied life, and their pleasures were founded upon congenial tastes that could be gratified at very little monetary expense.

As his business expanded, Dick hired clerks and continued to prosper for a couple of years. Then the depression came and he barely managed to keep his shop going for another year or two. Finally he decided that it was not worth while to hold on any longer. He liquidated his stock, paid off his debts, shipped the books he wanted to keep back to Chicago, and bought bus tickets for himself and his wife.

They had arrived in Chicago the day before he came in to see me. He had gone to the Sheet Metal Workers Union, renewed his dormant membership, and obtained employment. He told me that he was going to begin cutting metal again the next day. He had $400 and his books. The books were better editions than the ones he had when he went to California, but their value was not considerable. Financially, he was not much farther ahead than he had been ten years ago.

Life is often called a "game" or a "race." According to this philosophy, if a man does not win the pot he is a loser. If he does not forge ahead, he falls behind. According to this standard, Dick Madden is not a success. Yet he has improved himself and his life. He has come up in the world. Materially, he has made no progress, but he has something he cannot lose, something that no business reverses can take away from him. He has an interest that gives point to his life. He is still the same Dick Madden, essentially; he will never stop being that because he will never come to the end of himself. His speech is more precise than it used to be, but it has lost none of its force. He has won many good friends among the kind of people who are worth knowing. He has influenced many people, not with calculated technique, but in the course of his own growth. He can visit them and enrich their lives without impoverishing himself.

He is still asked, from time to time, to deliver talks on Irish literature. He is still sought out as a person of solid worth and attainments. His maturity keeps pace with his age. He has the dignity that comes from the acquisition of important knowledges, and the wisdom that asks little of the external world. His life is full, and whatever fortune may have in store for him, his future is secure.

Freedom of the Air

(*Continued from page* 4)

ate decalogues of their own for the guidance of those using their microphones. But until recently no attempt was made to arrive at uniform rules. The official rebukes which followed the Mae West and Charlie McCarthy episode and the Orson Welles Martian broadcast, as well as the short-term licenses, have had their logical effect. The National Association of Broadcasters has adopted a Code of Standards applicable to the industry. The code contains general statements of policy on standards of ethics and good taste to be observed by member stations. Here is a summary:

(1) Children's programs are to be closely supervised. They are to be based upon "sound social concepts."

(2) Stations are to provide time for the presentation of public questions, including those of a controversial nature, with fairness to all elements in a given controversy. But time is not to be sold for debatable issues except for political broadcasts.

(3) The potentialities of radio as a means of education are to be studied and developed.

(4) News is to be presented with fairness and accuracy, and without editorial bias.

(5) Radio is not to be used "to convey attacks on race or religion."

(6) Only such commercial programs are to be broadcast as pertain to legitimate products or services, and comply with legal requirements, fair trade practices, and standards of good taste.

Here, as in the case of the Motion Picture Production Code, an ingenuous reader may be prompted to say: "Well, all this seems desirable enough." If the radio code were merely a declaration of principles for the guidance of stations few would quarrel with it. But the likelihood is that it will repeat the career of the Hays code. A board will be set up to enforce it; penalties will be devised; the accumulated decisions of the board will establish a complex of don'ts; there will be a regimentation of opinion; free speech will be crippled.

We hope we're wrong. It's not impossible that radio has learned something from the screen's example, and will not repeat its blunders. That remains to be seen.

A theoretical discussion of free speech, divorced from any consideration of medium, is futile. Each means of expression has its characteristics and adaptabilities, its influence for good or evil, its limitations. Free speech on the air is not free speech on the street corner.

What, then, is free speech on the radio? Is it the historic right to express one's views without previous restraint, subject only to subsequent

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punishment for unlawful utterances? Or is it only the privilege to say what does not displease the stations, commercial sponsors, or the commission?

It is not essential at this point to decide whether, with respect to its obligation to deal impartially with all those who may seek its facilities, radio is a private enterprise or something akin to a public utility. A private enterprise has the right, ordinarily, to refuse to deal with anyone not acceptable to it. If a newspaper declines a paid advertisement, if a periodical rejects a manuscript, if a picture gallery refuses to hang a painting, or if a theater decides not to exhibit a film, that is not censorship. But where a private enterprise—though not required by law to deal with all those who may offer—is of such nature and magnitude as to render the availability of its facilities a social necessity, and denies equal treatment to all applicants, can it be reasonably urged no censorship exists?

If the commission revokes the license of a station whose program policy it doesn't favor, have we not a situation similar to that of a newspaper which is sought to be suppressed by injunction for its supposed libelous content—an attempt which was so vigorously denounced by the Supreme Court of the United States in *Near* versus *Minnesota?* Is it an answer that the commission cannot with impunity infringe free speech because the aggrieved person can always go to court? What good does it do a man to have a right which may be curtailed at any time by official caprice, so that he has to go to law for vindication? Is not the very purpose of constitutional guaranties to place certain fundamental rights conclusively beyond the pale of bureaucratic interference?

Nothing has ever divided believers in the Bill of Rights as sharply as the question of radio.

There are some people who profess a fervent belief in unfettered expression in every medium—speech, writings, stage, screen—and yet shake their heads in doubt when it comes to radio. They say that historic notions of liberty cannot be applied to the air. Their thesis runs something like this:

A hundred years ago free speech meant that a man who wanted to say something could pause at a chosen place, gather a crowd, and shout his piece to his heart's content. Those who fought for and won the Bill of Rights in England, and those here in America who put that document into the First Amendment, saw no reason to concern themselves overmuch with the perils of intemperate utterance. They were wise enough to realize that a man's voice could carry just so far; that there was a limit to the number of possible listeners; that if a fool or rogue got up to rant, whatever mischief he did could be counteracted by other speakers free to rise in denial, and by the common sense of the community. His auditors could question him, heckle him, contradict his assertions, probe into his motives, explode his logic; people in the vicinage could shun the sound of his voice if they wished. And were he to vociferate twenty-four hours a day his circle of influence would still be limited. So in the long run two things were apt to be assured: unhampered discussion and the preservation of some kind of social balance.

Applied to radio (the argument runs on) this concept of free speech loses meaning. When a speaker steps before a microphone, though it be on a single occasion, he addresses not hundreds or thousands of hundreds of thousands, but many millions. The ether provides him with an impenetrable bastion. While he speaks he cannot be assaulted with questions or ridiculed or driven to cover. He holds in his grasp an instrument more terrible than the thunderbolts of Jove; he can wreak untold harm and havoc within the space of an hour. He can whip uncounted multitudes to hysteria, terror, loathing, violence.

When Milton urged in the "Areopagitica" that truth and error be allowed to grapple, because truth would win eventually, he envisaged an even-handed encounter. But truth and tolerance cannot fight falsehood, demagoguery, and vigilantism on equal terms on the air. We are not justified in supposing that listeners whose minds are infected by a Coughlin or a Mosley listen to the other side as well. We cannot make radio an effective market place of ideas good and bad because we are not at all sure that reason will always correct folly. The microphone (it is concluded) is so dangerous an instrumentality that in dealing with it we must discard the principle of unfettered discussion and formulate restrictions of some kind.

Because this argument sounds so plausible, it is doubly treacherous. Carried to its logical conclusion, it may be used to justify almost any suppression. Its structure rests on the quicksands of the size of audience. It makes liberty a matter of arithmetic. It is the offspring of cowardice, compromise, and fear. It would barter principle for expediency. In the early days of printing, controversial pamphlets reached only hundreds. Today an author addresses hundreds of thousands. Shall we say that, ours being an age of mass communication, free speech should be scrapped?

If we reject the argument, what is the alternative that faces us? We cannot escape the fact that the physical limitations of radio are such as to require a central supervisory authority if chaos is to be averted. Maybe ten or twenty years from now there will be an unlimited number of available wave lengths. Then the question of censorship will be simplified.

But before that day comes, what criteria should guide the authority in granting, suspending, revoking, and renewing licenses? Can the criteria be limited solely to financial and technical considerations? If program content is to be ignored, are we certain the social good will thus best be served?

Many liberals insist that program content should be a yardstick, and that stations espousing the democratic ideal should be favored. Here, too, we get involved in a confusion of terms. The "democratic ideal" is one thing to Girdler and Ford, and another to a miner in bloody Harlan or a sharecropper. But let us assume that democracy means political, civil, and religious liberties, economic as well as political majority rule, equality of economic opportunity, freedom for social change through the procedures of majority rule, recognition of the dignity and responsibility of the individual.

When we say that we should favor programs in the democratic tradition, does that mean that we should frown on antidemocratic utterances? Shall we deny the microphone to the Coughlins, the Kuhns, the Leninists? What happens then to the principle, exposed by Voltaire and many others, of fighting for the other fellow's right to speak even though we disagree with him utterly?

If it is true, and we think it is, that it is socially wise to pour all kinds of ideas into the crucible of conflict, adding the ingredients of skepticism, scrutiny, testing by experience, evaluation, so that the dross of the spurious may be cast off and the gold of enduring values disengaged, then *a free radio dedicated to the cause of democracy means diversity of opinion on the air.* So long as the ether is a market place for many points of view we need not fear that prophets of reaction, the demagogues, the hate mongers any more than the psychopaths who burst into print now and then, only to be promptly consigned to oblivion by the common sense of society.

The foregoing article is condensed from a chapter of the forthcoming book, "The Censor Marches On," by Morris L. Ernst and Alexander Lindey, to be published by Doubleday, Doran.

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The Compleat Collector

CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

TWO copies of the 1603 quarto "Hamlet" are known. One is in the British Museum, the other in the Henry E. Huntington Library at San Marino, California. The British Museum copy lacks the title, the Huntington copy the final leaf. There is a story (it may be apocryphal, but there is a story none the less) that Henry E. Huntington once offered to match shillings with the Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum on the basis that if the Keeper of Printed Books won, the B. M. was to have Mr. Huntington's "Hamlet" title leaf, and that if Mr. Huntington won he was to have the B. M. "Hamlet" final leaf. The Keeper of Printed Books austerely declined the offer.

Coronado will ride again in 1940. The Southwest, as a unit and as half a dozen sovereign States, will do his name honor. Anticipating the anniversary with its accustomed alertness both to what is going on and to what has gone on, the William L. Clements Library in the University of Michigan has just issued a pamphlet, "The Muster Roll and Equipment of the Expedition of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado," publishing the epochal document for the first time in an English translation, accompanied by a brief introduction by Arthur S. Aiton.

In February, 1540, at Compostela, Mexico, Coronado's force was drawn up in final formal array before its departure into the unknown north. Clerks made a thorough census of the outfit, listing not only the names of individuals but also the number of horses and full details of equipment. The score was 225 mounted men and 62 f o o t. Accoutrement comprised everything from coats of mail, cuirasses, crossbows, and harquebuses to plain buckskin jackets and "arms of the country."

There were 552 horses. But Mr. Aiton discounts the possibility, biologically considered, "that stray horses from Coronado's expeditions stocked the Western plains with Spanish horses." There were only two mares in the group. There was also a single mule, who doubtless perished stridently at the foot of some Arizona mesa in utter unawareness of the comparative proximity of Missouri.

Science creates elaborate terminologies for itself and then leaps far ahead of them, never waiting for the terminologies to catch up. Victor Hugo Paltsits of the New York Public Library spoke recently before the convention of the Inter-American Bibliographical and Library Association at Washington and defined bibliography as "the correct description of books." The definition is so compactly simple that the uninitiated are likely to exclaim, "Oh, is *that* all it is?" But let anyone who can better it hurl the first odd volume at Mr. Paltsits. Incidentally Mr. Paltsits had the courage to quote himself as of 1905, when he declared: "Anyone can compile a list, many can make a catalogue, but very few can agonize to bring forth a bibliography." Obviously those words were wrung from the heart thirty-four years ago, and there is no less anguish in them today.

A New York insurance executive who had spent many years assembling a wholly orthodox and conventional collector's library recently felt the urge to explore uncharted streams. He asked a shrewd dealer for suggestions. "Why not," said the dealer, "collect books about insurance?"

Now that everbody who mails a letter is aware that 1939 marked the 300th anniversary of the introduction of printing into British America, it might be well to ponder for a moment the noble phrases whose reduction to type in 1639 has made the anniversary possible. No copy of the first production of the Cambridge press, "The Oath of a Free-Man," is known to survive, but approximations of the text exist, both in type and in manuscript, and we may be sure that the epochal broadside struck off by Stephen Daye read substantially as follows:

> I (A.B.) being Gods providence, an Inhabitant, and Freeman, within the Jurisdiction of this Commonwealth, do freely acknowledge my self to be subject to the Government thereof: And therefore do here swear by the great and dreadful name of the Ever-living God, that I will be true and faithfull to the same, and will accordingly yield assistance & support thereunto, with my person and estate, as in equity I am bound; and will also truly endeavour to maintain and preserve all the liberties and privilidges thereof, submitting my self to the wholesome Lawes & Orders made and established by the same. And further, that I will not plot or practice any evill against it, or consent to any that shall so do; but will timely discover and reveal the same to lawfull Authority now here established. for the speedy preventing thereof.
>
> Moreover, I doe solemnly bind my self in the sight of God, that when I shal be called to give my voyce touching any such matter of this State, in which Freemen are to deal, I will give my vote and suffrage as I shall judge in mine own conscience may best conduce and tend to the publike weal of the body, without respect of persons, or favour of any man. So help me God in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The text as here cited follows that given by Lawrence C. Wroth of the John Carter Brown Library in an attractive little study issued by the Press of the Woolly Whale (Melbert B. Cary, Jr.) earlier in the anniversary year.

The delightful and rare art of the fable is at its best in

The Satyr's Children

by EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

First published in The Atlantic Monthly, and now in a small paperbound (fifty cents) book, the Chicago Tribune said of it:

". . . a lovely fable of the children of a satyr who were left fatherless and motherless, nurtured by a simple woodcutter's wife. They went to school with other children happily until their strangeness was discovered. The story is written with rare subtle beauty."

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QUIZ No. 7

By HOWARD COLLINS

10 FAMOUS CLERGYMEN

From the earliest times to the present, the clergy have been prominent in the world's literature. Of the gentlemen of the cloth briefly described below, how many do you recognize? Allow 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 if you can also name the book in which he appeared and its author. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 21.

1. The climate on Pago Pago proved too tropical for him.

2. Because of his high ecclesiastic standing, he was allowed to wear his long underwear at a nudist colony.

3. He bore the loss of his fortune, the seduction of his daughter, the burning of his home, and imprisonment for debt with unruffled cheerfulness.

4. He united in marriage the children of two hostile families.

5. After eight years of worrying about it, this minister publicly confessed his adultery.

6. A chubby little man, he was always carrying an umbrella and solving crimes.

7. Founder and head of an isolated monastery, he lived 250 years.

8. An aged lama, he wandered about India in search of the all-healing River of the Arrows.

9. A legendary friar, he appears in a novel and an operetta.

10. He converted a dancer and then wished he hadn't.

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Ideas behind National Socialism

WELTANSCHAUUNG, SCIENCE AND ECONOMY. By Werner Sombart (From a testimonial volume in honor of the sixtieth birthday of Hjalmar Schacht). New York: Veritas Press. 1939. 60 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by TONI STOLPER

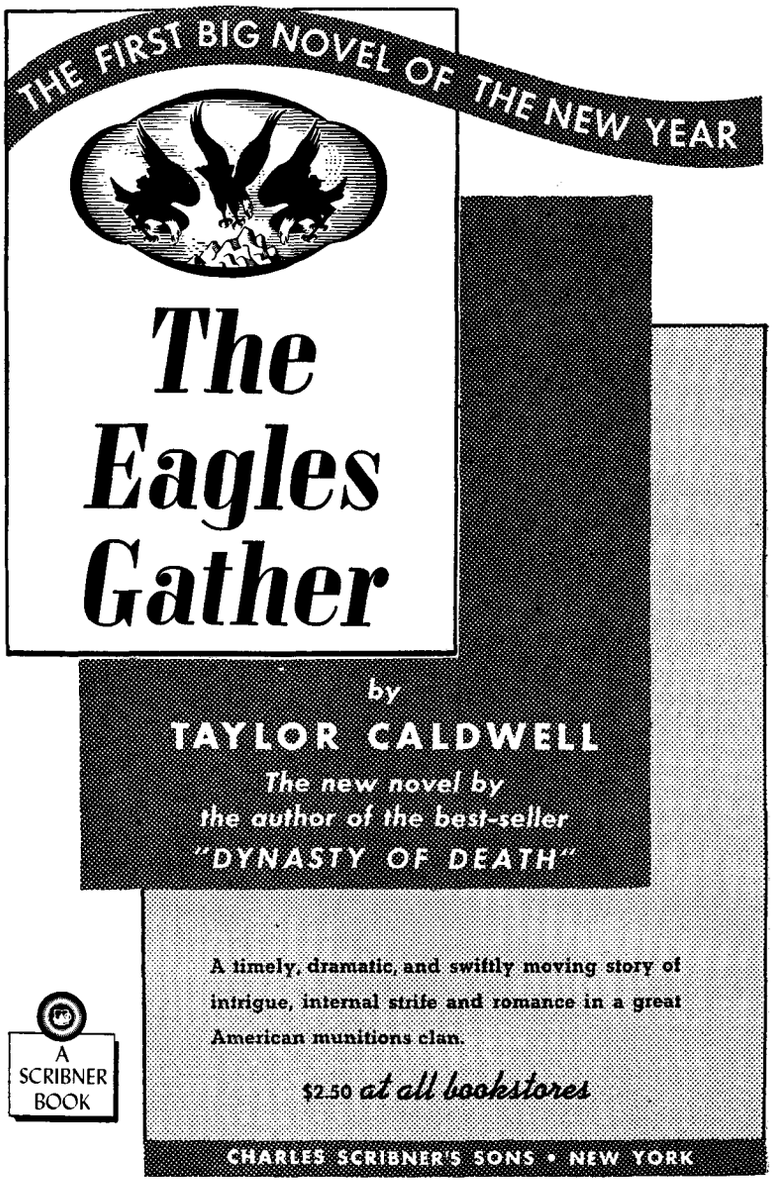
WERNER SOMBART has never been quite the true-to-type German professor. As a dashing young scholar he thrilled and shocked his learned brethren and a larger public by his good looks and his eloquence, which he exercised in talking loudly and well before fashionable audiences about that dangerous subject carefully hushed up heretofore in good society: Marxian socialism. Under his lively touch the "dismal science" of economics seemed to win wider acclaim. His books were full of learning and his knowledge covered a wide range, but his subjects were never professorial or dull. His sociological picture of the "Bourgeois", his imaginative and highly controversial study on the "Jews in Economic Life", the monumental work on "Modern Capitalism" offered compelling reading. He seemed to enjoy himself in life and in letters, never in either a complete conformist to the behavior of his milieu.

How was this type of a man and a scholar to fare under National Socialism? It would not be hard to trace in Sombart's ideas the several component elements of the Nazi creed. Nothing in the essential anti-Liberalism and anti-Capitalism of the Nazi movement went against his grain. And a nationalist of the more obnoxious type he had become right at the start of the first World War, paying his tribute to war-hysteria with his pamphlet "Jobbers and Heroes". Thus, in the first book he published under the Hitler regime, his "German Socialism" (called "A New Social Philosophy" in the U. S.), he openly declared his deep sympathy with the Nazi movement provided that it remained genuinely nationalistic and socialistic. But still, despite all this apparent affinity to the tenets of National Socialism, again something in his intellectual nature kept him from becoming a good conformist; something that set him apart from the true Nazi crowd in their unholy mixture of fanatics and careerists; some remnant of intellectual integrity, some undying love in the old man of the charming habit of free thinking and detached argument for a good argument's sake; some vestige of the humanistic culture handed down to him by the better German tradition of the nineteenth century.

The present little book is the author's contribution in honor of that other "fellow-traveler" of National Socialism, Hjalmar Schacht. In its sixty pages it tries to condense all of the author's thought of a lifetime. A review therefore has only the choice of being long and fairly exhaustive, or of barely touching the subject matter. The American reader, I presume, will hardly be interested to learn from Sombart how to approach the study of economic science. To draw a clean distinction among natural sciences, social sciences, economics in particular, practical economy in its managerial and technical aspects, has always been an effort dear to German sociologists. It is good intellectual exercise to follow Sombart in his pursuit of strictly logical determinants. What seems however of special interest to this reviewer is to watch the struggle of a mind in the fetters of a "Weltanschauung" for the elusive blessings of free thought. It seems that we are invited to a shadow fight, against an old and a new enemy. The old one, Western Liberalism, Sombart believes to lie conquered at his feet. He and so many of his co-nationals have so often killed capitalism in words that they have persuaded themselves that it is dead indeed. Of what avail is it to an autarkical German mind that the foremost nations of the world, for better or worse, are still laboring under an extremely real capitalism of the liberal type? To Sombart, all capitalist economy is a bygone thing and hardly worth an obituary notice. In his terms, High Capitalism since the World War has been replaced by Late Capitalism, "a fundamentally controlled economic system has taken the place of an economic system which was fundamentally free". And Hitler, following up Sombart's forecast, has brilliantly converted Late Capitalism into young German socialism.

Thus from the enemies of the past Sombart's fight turns more lustily to the dangers that confront the new system, and to our surprise he finds them, as we would, in the terrible plight of free thought. "Weltanschauung", that untranslatable word which seeks to integrate all the activistic tendencies of the German mind, here becomes a matter of deep concern to Sombart as a scientist. It needs something of the courage of a young man to proclaim,

Only men with a passionate will, with a passionate belief, can be-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come great scientists. But one thing can be demanded of every serious scientist: he must be guided in his work by no other thought than to know the truth. He must have no other interest but science, whether that other interest be his religion, his state or his people. Otherwise his work is valueless; valueless even for religion, state or people.

These are very commonplace words in the intellectual sphere of the West, but they have a revolutionary sound in the Germany of today. Were they not spoken by an old man under the influence of his pre-Nazi culture but by a member of the present generation who would have derived such wisdom from his own experiences, one might hope that the new dawn is breaking. For this awakening of Germany the world will, however, still have to wait.

The French Empire

FRANCE OVERSEAS THROUGH THE OLD REGIME: A STUDY OF EUROPEAN EXPANSION. By Herbert Ingram Priestley. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1939. 393 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

PROFESSOR PRIESTLEY'S ponderous title sets the tone for his book. This history of French colonial activity from Roger Guiscard to Napoleon I makes no concessions to the Graces. Whether these ladies have snubbed Professor Priestley or Professor Priestley has snubbed them, it is at any rate clear that they are not on speaking terms. The book is crammed with facts, well-known or obscure, strung neatly along together with no regard for their possible effect on the reader's emotions or interests. It has footnotes, plenty of them, not hidden in the back of the book, nor even apologized for. It seems to contain no sociological theories, and it makes no attempt to prophesy the future of France as a colonial power. It is, in short, a solid, sober piece of historical writing in the professional historical tradition established in the nineteenth century.

That tradition has its shortcomings. Not the least of these, as Mr. Allan Nevins never tires of pointing out, is that professional historians writing in the tradition lose touch with the general reader almost as completely as if they were specialists confined to a technical jargon, like mathematicians or chemists. Certainly the general reader will not be drawn to Professor Priestley's book. Yet the book, like the tradition of which it is a part, has its good points. It brings together, sorts out, and verifies as far as possible a great many facts about French colonial activity. It presents these facts clearly and unemphatically. For the English reader, much of Professor Priestley's material is wholly new, gathered from the sources, from professional French historians, and from articles in learned journals in half a dozen languages.

Professor Priestley ventures no great new interpretations. France failed in her colonial struggle with England for numerous reasons, notably because in the eighteenth century she fought on land and sea on too many European and world fronts; but the first French colonial empire was in some senses a success, and led to the second, or present French colonial empire, which is one of the major factors in the current world war. Professor Priestley rightly insists that before we crusade against Imperialism, predatory Nationalism, and other evil abstractions, we should study the facts of the past expansion of European states. These facts, for France, he has faithfully given us. And if the dull facts about French fisheries bulk larger than the exciting facts about the attempted French settlement in Florida, we need not complain. It would be hard to improve on Parkman's account of Ribaut's defeat and de Gourgues' vengeance.

Perhaps this book is no more than a work of reference. But people do refer, often for quite a while, to good works of reference, and they frequently allow the bright new work of interpretation to accumulate dust, once it has had its day near the top of the best selling non-fiction. And, ponderous though Professor Priestley's title is, it makes no false promises. This is no "Romance of France Abroad" or "The Sun Never Set on the Fleur-de-lys."

Crane Brinton is the author of "The Lives of Talleyrand."

Birds East of the Rockies

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIRDS. By Edward Howe Forbush & John Bichard May. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1939. 554 *pp., with index.* $4.95.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

NOTABLE both for their text and for their portraits of American birds by Fuertes and Brooks, the three volumes of Forbush's "Birds of Massachusetts and Other New England States," issued by the commonwealth between 1925 and 1929, immediately took a place of major importance in the literature of Eastern birds. No bibliography, however brief, has since been considered complete without them. Other important regional publications have appeared in the meantime, but none have excelled "Forbush" or lessened its importance with the passing years. Two factors, however, have combined to lessen its actual usefulness to the general public: first, the accepted classification of North American birds has been thoroughly revised since its publication; then, the complete work itself has become so rare on the market that, at this writing, a dealer in second-hand books is advertising it for thirty dollars. All bird-students must, therefore, be grateful that the best of "Forbush" is again available, at a relatively modest price, in one superb volume, with revisions that bring it up to date, and with the original ninety-two full-page paintings of New England birds—all this supplemented by four new color-plates of Southeastern birds, from paintings by Roger Tory Peterson, and textual accounts of over one hundred additional species by Dr. May to justify the new and broadened title, "Natural History of the Birds of Eastern and Central North America."

Such an accomplishment could not, of course, have been achieved without radically altering the character of the original work. This is not the classic "Forbush," but it is something just about as good in its own way. The informal essays that Forbush wrote for each bird are here epitomized in such a manner that, though their rambling, conversational quality is lost, the basic information and style are, to a great degree, kept intact. The technical data preceding each essay in the original are merely summarized here, but what is left out will be missed less by the general reader for whom this edition is designed than by the serious student. The most unfortunate omissions, from the point of view of the general reader, are of the paragraphs describing each order and family, and parts of the introductory chapters to the three original volumes; except for one paragraph on birds as a class, no text has been retained that does not deal exclusively with the individual varieties. To counterbalance this loss are Dr. May's numerous additional descriptions of species, which adhere closely to the type set by Forbush.

It was to be expected that the color-plates, already used in two publications, would not reproduce the paintings as clearly as when they were new. The loss of quality, however, is scarcely noticeable in most cases except by direct and close comparison of the present illustrations with those of the original publication. The four additional paintings by Peterson have the competence demanded by their association with the work of Fuertes.

Rarely does a mere revision of an earlier book, however drastic, have as much importance in its own right as an entirely new publication. That is the case here, however, and to such an extent that it is doubtful whether anyone at all seriously interested in the birds of Eastern North America, even though he possessed the original volumes, would willingly be without a copy of this one.

Louis J. Halle, Jr. is the author of "Transcaribbean" and "Birds Against Men."

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The Leveling Process

THE ENDING OF HEREDITARY FORTUNES. By Gustave Myers. New York: Julian Messner. 1939. 395 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

MR. MYERS established his reputation as a castigator of plutocracy many years ago in his "History of the Great American Fortunes." In this latest volume he resumes the chastisement, citing scores of instances of the foolishness, extravagance, and callousness of numerous folk whose wealth has smelled to high heaven. His "case histories" range all the way from the Bradley-Martin ball and the Harry Lehr monkey party in the gay nineties down to the latest marital troubles of a chain-store heiress in our own era.

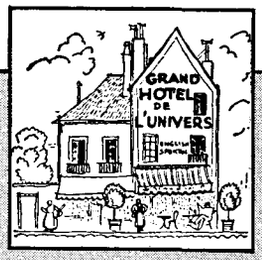
Most of this material has already been published somewhere, and not a little of it seems quite irrelevant to the theme indicated by the title of the book. Actually this theme is dealt with in the sketchiest fashion. The author, however, starts out well with a description of the disappearance, early in our history, of most of the hereditary privileges which were part of our heritage from the Old World. Even before the end of George Washington's first term as President, for example, the last vestiges of primogeniture and entail had disappeared from the United States. Mr. Myers sees a survival of privilege due to birth in our laws dealing with inheritance, although this privilege has been considerably modified of late by taxes on inheritances, gifts, and incomes. He believes that this leveling process should be carried to the point where the inheritance of any great amount of wealth would be impossible.

The increasing control over private wealth by the State is an obvious fact in modern economic life, and a matter of such far-reaching importance calls for painstaking objective study. Mr. Myers's book does not meet this requirement. It is in no sense a scientific treatment of a vital social problem. The issues raised by its proposal are many and complex, but they are ignored. The author merely seeks to establish a case by showing that the very rich sometimes misbehave. His judgment is apparently warped by a soul-searing hatred for people who have accumulated large fortunes. Their properties are denounced, without qualifying exceptions, as "legalized spoliation," the results of special privilege, exploitation, corruption, and thievery. Self-indulgence is "largely their main pursuit," and if they make gifts to charity or other worthy causes it is only to escape "complete odium." Such a book will be a useful manual for soap-box orators and rabble-rousers. It is largely propaganda and muckraking, a smearing of the "haves" in order to bolster a plea for sharing the wealth. The late Huey Long would have given this work his unqualified approval.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
OVER MY DEAD BODY *Rex Stout* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Nero Wolfe is back to solve mystery of who stuck épée through customer in N. Y. fencing school, followed by another lethal impalement.	Stooge Archie Goodwin at funniest, and two murders plus transplanted Balkan intrigue can't get him—or his boss—down.	Swell
THE AFRICAN POISON MURDERS *Elspeth Huxley* (Harpers: $2.)	Reign of terror on mid-African farm culminates in two gruesome killings and almost finishes Vachell of C. I. D., who unsnarls case.	Obscure venom, maniacal mutilations, deadly bush fire, thrilling climax compose major opus—at which purists may raise eyebrows.	Top-flight
THE CASE OF THE DEADLY DIARY *William DuBois* (Little, Brown: $2.)	N. Y. newspaper owner pushed from lofty window. Scandal-mongering columnist conked. Gossip gal plugged. Star reporter solves all.	Feverish activity from Manhattan start to Florida finish. Author plays premier clue bit too close to vest. Otherwise jake.	Good grade
DEATH AT THE BAR *Ngaio Marsh* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Puzzling death of barrister in quaint English village bar-room presents nice problem to Alleyne of Scotland Yard.	Prime case of "now you see it—now you don't," with rich local color and much lively talk.	Required reading
TURN ON THE HEAT *A. A. Fair* (Morrow: $2.)	Donald Lam runs boss Bertha Cool ragged hunting vanished wife and solving murder in California town.	Unprincipled, involved, and mighty clever affair—mental acrobatics of Mr. Lam being something to marvel at.	Very good



Timetable for Tramps

BY TIBOR KOEVES

"IT IS neat, witty, and playful." - *Clifton Fadiman in The New Yorker.* "Ranges all the great cities of the West, darts into the past, and pauses to consider the flitting loves of that great traveler Casanova. Sophisticated entertainment . . . a shrewd, wayward, and charming book."

Lewis Gannett $3.00

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The New Books

Biography

SON OF CAROLINA. By Augustus White Long. Durham: Duke University Press. 1939. 280 *pp.* $3.

However difficult those years after war may have been for the soldiers and the women to whom they returned in the South of the late sixties and the seventies, the poverty in them was rich and vivid still to the young who grew out of them. There seems almost to have been a special warmth and eagerness in being young then which may teach something not merely about the South but the young in the aftermath of war everywhere. Certainly in this testimony about those years and boyhood around Chapel Hill in North Carolina, Augustus White Long is not merely the native returning but the native who in a full, intellectual life far away found nothing so significant for his written remembering as his youth on the Carolina earth where he began.

Dr. Long studied beyond the North Carolina of his youth at Johns Hopkins and Harvard, and knew the giants in both universities. He taught at Lawrenceville and Princeton; he knew Presidents Cleveland and Wilson, as well as students and professors. As anthologist he knew poets and orators whose work he put into books.

There is value in this book in the neighbor's sympathetic estimate of Woodrow Wilson, in the personal and intimate pictures of Walter Hines Page, Henry Van Dyke, of Johns Hopkins as it was growing to greatness, of Harvard under Eliot. However, it is not the great and the grand but the warm detailed remembering of a good childhood after a destructive war which gives the book its charm and strength.

J. D.

Fiction

PAST THE END OF THE PAVEMENT. By Charles G. Finney. Holt. 1939. 268 *pp.* $2.

"The Circus of Dr. Lao" was such an amusing and lawless fantasy that it is more than a little difficult to give this disappointing successor a fair judgment. It is easily read—in fact it is too easily read. Two young boys in the "pet" stage of their development take a fancy to wild things. First they have water beetles, then they progress to frogs, a drake, a collection of snapping turtles, a possum, some young hoot owls, and a few snakes. Each item of the succession provides a few casualties, but everything is atoned for when the boys sell their hogsnake to a zoo for ten dollars, which is exactly enough to pay their widowed mother's electric light bill and restore current on the evening the preacher is coming to dinner.

That is all there is to the story. It is filled with philosophizings on biology which fail to evoke either new truths or new poetry.

When Mr. Finney writes about the biology of mermaids he is charming and funny, but when he writes about the miscegenations of drakes and hens he is not only incredible but self-consciously and unhumorously naughty.

P. S.

BLOSSOM LIKE THE ROSE. By Norah Lofts. Knopf. 1939. 363 *pp.* $2.50.

This historical novel has a good romantic side. It is a story of frustrated love, set in the early days in America. Though the period is capably described, it is the love story which will carry the reader through.

We start in seventeenth-century England and migrate to America, following the fortunes of the hero. Philip Ollenshaw has become an apostle of Nathaniel Gore, an idealistic leader bent on founding a new Zion in America, who has swept to the New World with him a motley crowd, including Philip, the Makers, several religious fanatics, and some gypsies. At Gore's death, Philip becomes head of the settlement. The story of life in a new country is vividly done. There is a truly fearsome incident in the account of an Indian skirmish, an incident which the author assures us "has been equaled in real life," but will nevertheless make the stoutest-hearted reader blench. Philip, in the end, finds not passionate fulfillment, but peace and resignation in the new land. People who like romance mixed with history will enjoy "Blossom Like the Rose."

R. C. B.

MOUNTAIN TOP. By Claire Sainte-Soline. Translated by Louise W. Baur. Dodd, Mead. 1939. 238 *pp.* $2.50.

This novel, by an author widely read in France but new to American readers, is set in a remote hamlet in the bleak, austere Chartreuse mountain country, near Grenoble. It is a perfect background for this rather somber, intensely absorbing drama of a man shaken by an appalling tragedy, attempting to rebuild, from within, the structure of his life.

The book concerns itself almost exclusively with its central character, Frederic Houssais, a sensitive, protestant-minded young manufacturer of Grenoble. In bare outline it is the story of his recovery from the fact that he has been the unwitting cause of his wife's death. Estranged from the frail, petulant Berthe, Frederic in the opening scene of the book, fails, half unconsciously, to save her life in a boating accident. His subsequent, almost pathological states of mind are evoked with rare perception. After a half-hearted attempt to resume his factory duties, his retreat to Les Cloitres is a kind of spiritual pilgrimage. Here he buys a few acres, a tumbledown shack, and becomes a simple peasant. In contrast to Frederic, the secondary characters, though adequately drawn, seem stereotyped. Nevertheless, readers who liked Jean Giono's "Harvest" for its sense of nature and deep human insight, will find "Mountain Top" equally rewarding. The translation is competent, if a little too reliant on ready-made phrases. One suspects from the general character of the book that the style in the original had more distinction.

N. McC.

VERA. By Georg Kaiser. Alliance. 1939. 276 *pp.* $2.50.

Georg Kaiser has made a reputation for himself as a dramatist which assures interest in his work as a novelist. Unfortunately this book is proof of the oft-demonstrated fact that mastery in one field of literature in no way insures like skill in another. The story of a young officer who shared in the defeat of Russia at Tannenberg, and rather than wear what he considered a name disgraced by surrender assumed the identity of a dead waiter and shuffled off his own personality, it is a melodramatic tale, highly seasoned with sentimentality and complicated by a half-baked mysticism. What emotional impact it has comes, not from any integrity of feeling, but from the hysteria of its manner. The book recounts its hero's experiences in the first person, in a long sustained sort of gasp. The plot, with its fortuitous meeting between the suppositious waiter and his wife, believed by him to be dead when he entered into marriage with a French girl whom he discards with no compunctions when his earlier bride turns up, and the gratuitous death, first of the wife's second husband and then of herself, would do credit to a shilling shocker. Possibly the novel has lost in translation but it is hard to believe that even in the original German it can be other than banal.

A. L.

International

WORLD WITHOUT END. By Stoyan Pribichevich. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1939. 408 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

The Balkans are not easy to understand. They present a picture of confusion. Here the East and the West

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Pancreatic, sitting down (on New Year's Day) to this hebdomadal hashish, found himself a trifle sombre. His usual New Year's reading is Westbrook Pegler's classic *Thoughts on the State of Being Hung Over.* ☞After the holidays accept with relief the instructions for *Sunday Night Supper* written by Guy Stanton Ford, President of the University of Minnesota. Prexy Ford says:—

> Take one medium sized bowl, one soup or dessert spoon slightly less than mouth size, one bottle of milk, a caddy of fresh slightly salted crackers. Shake milk, remove cap without pushing in, fill bowl. Break crackers in bowl of milk. Stir gently with a slightly chopping motion. Absorb result to satiety. Peanut butter served on the side and spread on an occasional cracker gives a French touch to this simple meal and relieves its inherent austerity.

☞This is from the excellent card index of professional recipes published as *Brain Food* by the Home Economics Association of the Univ. of Minn. ☞ Old Q. has been turning over a large pile of topics he meant to mention in the past year if he hadn't always been behindhand. ☞For instance, the fascinating monograph *Numbers and Numerals* by D. E. Smith and J. Ginsburg, published by Teachers College, Columbia University. ☞The unusually interesting sale catalogue of book reviews (viz. the MS originals) written by Arnold Bennett. This was issued by Stonehill, Ltd., booksellers at 135 New Bond Street, London. ☞The list of books and maps published by the American Geographical Society, Broadway & 156 Street, N. Y. C. ☞ The valuable reading list on *American Life and Letters* issued several years ago by the Princeton University Press (compiled by J. Duncan Spaeth and the late Joseph E. Brown). ☞ Mr. Norman Sabel sent us a Xmas card (drawn by Cecil Aldin) showing a cheerful picture of the Star Inn at Alfriston (Sussex). We wished to retaliate by quoting that admirable ballade (by Belloc?) with the refrain "The Star at Alfriston sells damned good beer." But we haven't been able to lay hand on it. ☞Our motto for 1940 is *Learn what to Neglect.*

☞We were sorry, when in Minneapolis last month, to miss seeing the Skinner Memorial Room (for readers of high school age) at the Saint Paul Public Library. It has proved a notable and attractive feature. ☞William McFee's first book under the Random House imprint will be *Watch Below,* a novel of life aboard a tramp steamer. It is described as a reconstruction in narrative of the Golden Age of Steam. This sounds like McFee at his best. ☞We were pleased to see, in the Chaucer Head catalogue (22 East 55), a list of 19 original MSS articles by De Quincey; one of these is an essay on an old black-letter volume he had bought from his washerwoman.

☞This year's benefit auction for the aid of exiled authors, held by the League of American Writers, will be at the Hotel Pierre on January 14, 8 p. m. Last year's sale brought in more than $5000 and this year's should do even better as a great many very interesting MSS have been donated. ☞The list of those who have generously given scripts, musical scores, drawings, paintings, etc., is too long to print, but it assures a notable occasion for dealers and collectors. ☞ We wonder on what principle a leading furniture house gives literary names to its specialties. The *Byron* is a magazine-table; the *Keats* is a lamp commode; the *Hathaway* is a coffee stand; the *Shelley* a dropleaf occasional table.

☞We were oddly reminded of Conrad's *Lord Jim* by finding in a recent issue of the *Nautical Gazette* an editorial on the problem of shipping services for Mohammedan pilgrims who have to be at Mecca and Medina on January 19, 1940. ☞A correspondent in Britain reports as follows:—"On Abinger Common, near Dorking, near Wotton, the home of the Evelyns, have been living since last Spring Max Beerbohm and his wife. Hard by is Stephen Hudson who writes novels about England and America (which are read eagerly in France). Not far away are E. M. Forster and Ralph Vaughan Williams. Someone has decided to start a magazine called *The Abinger Chronicle.* It is to be a monthly, and among the contributors are Max and Forster. Subscriptions, six shillings a year, may be sent to the paper at Cherry Cottage, Abinger Common, Dorking, Surrey, England. If you use a cheque, send it to Miss Sylvia Sprigge."

☞The Oxford Press issues a second edition of H. W. Garrod's *Keats,* a little book which always seemed to us to contain both wisdom and liveliness; and also the very spirited currycombing of a much overtouted American book on Keats. ☞A large volume (900 pp.) and ambitious in scope is Bernard Sobel's *Theatre Handbook and Digest of Plays* (Crown Publishers, 444 Fourth Ave.) which is arranged alphabetically as an encyclopedia and contains interesting matter on all phases of dramatic and producing activity; also brief synopses of nearly 1000 famous plays. ☞One of our impressionable clients, prowling round the town, was a little startled to find the Double Life Lamp Company. ☞We were happy to read a fine editorial tribute to the late Felix Riesenberg in the Manchester *Guardian* (Dec. 15, 1939). We were astonished that the newspapers in his own city of New York, to whose vision and picturesqueness he gave so much devotion, did not find an editorial topic in his career. ☞Ended the old year by rereading Conrad's *The Shadow Line* for the severalth time and noted therein: "Reaffirm this in my heart as one of the noblest of Conrad's achievements, in spite of the palaverous prolongation of the build-up. It is easy to see *why* Conrad did this; but it was a mistake." ☞One of the pleasures of this season was to see some fair-minded book reviewers reconsidering (and even recanting) hasty overstatements made during the year. ☞Now, having finished our stint, how's about some Hair of the Dog?

ANSWERS TO QUIZ No. 7

1. Rev. Davidson in "Rain," by Colton and Randolph.
2. Bishop Waller, in "The Bishop's Jaegers," by Thorne Smith.
3. Dr. Primrose, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Goldsmith.
4. Friar Laurence, in "Romeo and Juliet," by Shakespeare.
5. Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, in "The Scarlet Letter," by Hawthorne.
6. Father Brown, in stories by G. K. Chesterton.
7. Father Perrault, in "Lost Horizon," by James Hilton.
8. Tesleo Lama, in "Kim," by Rudyard Kipling.
9. Friar Tuck, in "Ivanhoe" and "Robin Hood."
10. Paphnutius, in "Thais," by Anatole France.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 301)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH:
TO LIBERTY

The power of armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;
But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave People into light can bring
. . . . . at will, for freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed.

INSTEAD OF YOUR WINTER CRUISE
—Visit New York
Plan your winter relaxation this year where travel is safe. Sightseeing unequaled any other place in the world, besides new shows, new styles, new thrills!
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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 20)

meet, intermingle, and frequently clash. Here medievalism exists side by side with modern capitalism. Here numerous nationalities, races, and religions make up a crazy-quilt in which it is difficult to discern a pattern.

Mr. Pribichevich deserves much credit for clarifying this picture. He has woven the history, legends, politics, and culture of southeastern Europe into a richly varied but somehow unified whole. As a native Jugoslav he writes from first-hand knowledge, but also with the objectivity which years of residence in the United States have given him. His book is characterized by deep understanding and a spirit of tolerance, qualities which have not distinguished the peoples with whom it deals. His is no academic treatise. He takes us right to the people and shows how they live and think.

At a time when southeastern Europe is once more threatened from outside, one is tempted to ask what the future has in store for this unhappy region which for centuries has been torn by internal conflicts. Mr. Pribichevich supplies no answer to this question, but he does believe that "hard experience is teaching the nations of southeastern Europe that their future lies neither in isolation nor in alliances with great powers, but in union with each other."

J. C. de W.

KEEP AMERICA OUT OF WAR. A Program. By Norman Thomas and Bertram D. Wolfe. Stokes. 1939. 184 *pp.* $1.50.

The authors of this tract do not share the widespread view that Europe is fighting a "phony" war. They argue that the present conflict is merely a continuation of the first World War, fought for the same old objectives and by many of the same old men. The only cure for this ageless repetition of slaughter would be the establishment of a democratic and socialist "United States of Europe," the last thing which the Chamberlains, Daladiers, Hitlers, and Stalins of this world really desire. Once again, these writers declare, Americans are being dragged into an imperialist war by their leaders, Democratic and Republican, who are blinded by sentiment or economic interest. They list both immediate and long-term methods for keeping America out of war, including reduction of the President's power over foreign relations, enactment of a war referendum amendment, and concentration upon our grave economic problems at home.

Brief, clear, and persuasive, this little book deserves the attention of even those who disagree most strongly with its premise and argument. It quite properly does not exaggerate the economic motivation for war. It charges that the chief danger—now that cash-and-carry neutrality is in effect—lies in the extreme emotional sympathy for the Allies to be found in Administration and other influential circles.

In such a dogmatic treatment of the most controversial issues of the day, it is easy to criticize and disagree. Even with reservations, however, one can thank Messrs. Thomas and Wolfe for performing a useful public service.

J. F. G.

Miscellaneous

FEARSOME CRITTERS. By H. H. Tryon. Cornwall, N. Y.: Idlewild Press. 68 *pp.* $2.

No sooner did the first Europeans sight the New World than they began to invent marvelous tales about the animals inhabiting this western hemisphere. Indeed, it was an old European custom. Aristotle insisted that the crocodile had the upper jaw hinged in the middle; Caesar in his account of the fauna of Germany tells of an animal which sleeps leaning against a tree and is captured by men who saw down the trees. Baron Münchausen created, or perhaps merely collected, a whole world of unnatural history. In America the northern lumberjack took up the custom, carried it with him as he left a trail of stumps from Maine to Washington, and populated the intervening states with sidehill gougers and wumpuses, and ball-tailed cats. The Southern Negro was and remains very superstitious about nature; cowboys, with their tales of rattlesnakes suckling at cow's teats, fishermen with their recurrent seamonsters, all contribute to what can only be called a natural and probably permanent cloud of legendary beasts in our mental landscapes. Great intellects are not above dabbling in nonsense Nature, either. Audubon invented the "red-headed swallow," and the "diamond-backed devil-jack," that doughty fish of the Ohio and the Wabash, and persuaded a fellow naturalist to publish these species, with solemn scientific names!

Now comes Mr. Tryon, who has collected some thirty of these critters from the folk lore of America, and you will read here the authentic accounts of the home life of the rumtifusel, the fearful depredations of the swamp auger, the whimsical existence of the whiffenpoof, the giddy round of the hoop snake's life. And, if you love to send little girls and boys into hysterics, just at bed time, as most of us do, then read them the squonk in a blood-curdling whisper. You can add delightfully to their psychological *Traumae* or *Traumerei,* by showing them Mr. Tryon's drawing of a squonk, which is enough to give any child a chronic fit of *giggulosis praecox.* The well-chosen Latin names of Mr. Tryon's animals impart that conviction of deep scientific research and the most pedantic versimilitude which we naturally expect of so solemn a subject.

D. C. P.

PERSONALS

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Double-Crostics: No. 302

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

				1-O	2-C		3-B	4-K	5-D		6-V	7-E	8-H	9-F	10-Q	
11-P	12-Q	13-W	14-R	15-N		16-B	17-E		18-P	19-L	20-E	21-X		22-L	23-S	24-U
25-E		26-L	27-J	28-D	29-G	30-N		31-P	32-V	33-O		34-J	35-D	36-P	37-G	38-S
	39-P	40-D	41-B	42-I		43-G	44-O	45-K		46-T	47-E	48-O	49-K		50-I	51-X
52-N	53-Y		54-V	55-K	56-B	57-O		58-I	59-H	60-W	61-N	62-B	63-R	64-K	65-J	
66-C	67-W	68-R	69-F	70-E		71-V	72-K		73-K	74-A		75-C	76-V		77-P	78-L
79-I	80-F		81-U	82-O		83-X	84-U	85-K		86-L	87-Y	88-M	89-C		90-X	91-S
92-A		93-R	94-I	95-H	96-T		97-A	98-F		99-M	100-C	101-I	102-R	103-N	104-U	
105-O	106-V	107-X		108-J	109-U	110-A		111-C	112-N	113-H	114-G		115-V	116-W	117-U	118-B
	119-S	120-V		121-N	122-C	123-W	124-L	125-T	126-H		127-U	128-J	129-A	130-K		131-O
	132-M	133-C	134-U		135-F	136-X	137-P		138-P	139-W	140-E	141-U	142-L	143-H	144-F	145-I
	146-B	147-K		148-F	149-A	150-O		151-T	152-W	153-D	154-Q	155-S	156-G	157-F	158-E	
159-H	160-L	161-G	162-Q		163-O		164-L	165-G	166-J	167-N	168-H		169-V	170-U		171-N
172-X	173-C	174-A		175-E	176-Y	177-C	178-T	179-W	180-M	181-Q						

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Badge of Ulster (2 wds.)

B. Debarred.

C. Causing annoyance.

D. God.

E. Censure.

F. English poet (1859-1907).

G. Foolish talk.

H. Rushed about wildly.

I. Deduction (money, goods).

J. Phrase used in hailing.

K. Lawgiver (Gr.)

L. Placed in a detached situation.

M. Promontory.

N. Parade step (comp.)

O. Pertaining to lakes.

P. Placed by itself or alone.

Q. Counterfeited.

R. Invest, clothe.

S. Inflow.

T. Sheltered corners.

U. Later on; by and by.

V. Contention in words.

W. Caught up with.

X. Mentally occupied.

Y. Large ostrich-like bird.

WORDS

174 74 110 149 129 97 92

41 56 3 118 62 16 146

66 2 89 111 133 122 75 100 177 173

5 153 40 28 35

140 158 17 175 20 7 25 47 70

148 144 98 157 80 9 135 69

43 37 156 29 165 114 161

95 8 159 113 59 143 168 126

101 58 50 145 94 42 79

34 27 166 65 128 108

130 147 73 55 45 4 49 72 85 64

142 19 164 124 22 160 26 78 86

132 180 99 88

121 52 112 15 171 30 61 103 167

33 131 48 44 1 105 57 163 82 150

36 138 18 39 31 11 137 77

154 12 162 10 181

14 102 93 68 63

23 91 155 38 119

125 46 178 96 151

141 24 127 170 104 134 84 81 109 117

32 120 115 76 169 71 6 106 54

67 179 152 60 139 116 123 13

172 107 51 21 90 136 83

176 53 87

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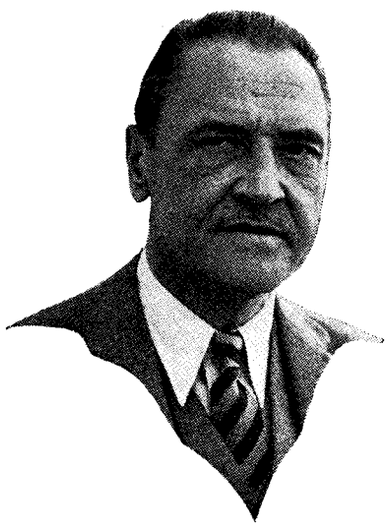

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